

THE DOUBLE DEALER

FEBRUARY, 1922.

CONTENTS

EDITORIALS	58
LOVE IS SUCH A MISCHIEF..... <i>John McClure</i>	63
A NEW TESTAMENT..... <i>Sherwood Anderson</i>	64
PRESENCES	<i>Oscar Williams</i> 67
THE PURPLE PATCH..... <i>Valma Clark</i>	68
BALLAD INVENTORY..... <i>Dominic D'Armes</i>	77
AN APPRECIATION OF HAVELOCK ELLIS..... <i>Arthur Symons</i>	78
TWO POEMS..... <i>Maxwell Bodenheim</i>	84
THE RENAISSANCE OF THE VIEUX CARRE..... <i>T. P. Thompson</i>	85
THE LAST NIGHT..... <i>James Feibleman</i>	89
OR FOREVER AFTER..... <i>Robert Maguire</i>	90
AT BROAD BAR..... <i>Martha Webster</i>	95
LAFCADIO HEARN AND DENNY CORCORAN..... <i>Lucile Rutland</i>	96
IN THE PATIO..... <i>Louis Gilmore</i>	99
THE VIEUX-COLOMBIER SCHOOL FOR POETS..... <i>Matthew Josephson</i>	100
SINCE YOU LOVE BEAUTY, O MY SOUL..... <i>Paul Eldridge</i>	103
THE GARRET OF DREAMS..... <i>William Griffith</i>	104
REVIEWS—	
CARL SANDBURG'S POEMS..... <i>William Loeber</i>	105
THE GREAT WAY..... <i>Joseph W. Berengher</i>	107
ROBERT NATHAN'S "AUTUMN"..... <i>Soline Benjamin</i>	110
THE GANG..... <i>George Q. Moore</i>	111
PAINTED GIRLS	<i>Oscar Williams</i> 112

Issued monthly by *The Double Dealer Publishing Co., Inc.*, 204 Baronne street, New Orleans, La. Yearly subscription, twelve months, two dollars and a half in advance; single copies, twenty-five cents. All contributions should be addressed to the Editors of *The Double Dealer*, with stamped, self-addressed envelopes for their return.

Entered as second-class matter January 31, 1921, at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The DOUBLE DEALER

".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

SALVO!

ONE year ago we published an editorial in these columns entitled "The Magazine in America" which brought in a true bill against all the literary magazines of the United States. As a result of this blanket indictment, cultural centers such as Chicago, Ill., Richmond, Va., and Fayetteville, Ark., have leaped valiantly into the breach with journals whose seriousness of intent forces us to re-examine the field of periodical literature.

We list here a few of the most important of these—not considering at this writing those magazines interested solely in verse: *All's Well*, of Fayetteville, Ark.; *The Reviewer*, of Richmond, Va.; *Youth* and *The Wave*, of Chicago.

All's Well, according to the semi-annual statement of ownership, circulation, etc., required by act of congress, states the owner, publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager to be Charles J. Finger. The deponent, Mr. Finger, has been, among other things, a pirate, a receiver for a tram line, *pater familias*, explorer in Patagonia and Kamchatka or thereabouts, short story writer and sheep shearer. We doubt whether the publisher of *All's Well* could have found a better editor, or the editor a better publisher. In fact, we might go so far as to state that without Mr. Finger, *All's Well* might be fitly subtitled *The Mirror Unpolished*.

The Reviewer, of Richmond, Va., is edited by three women, Emily Clark, Mary Street, Margaret Freeman, and one Hunter Staggs—*arrangement orientale*. *The Reviewer* has a chaste aspect, severely printed on pale buff, somewhat in the fashion of a stock breeders' catalog with the prize winner on the cover. The personality of James Branch Cabell completely dominates the first volume, with undertones of Joseph Hergersheimer. Judged from the later numbers, it looks as if the star of Joseph is in the ascendancy. Quite the most entertaining entries are the Hunter Staggs book reviews, which reveal a delightful originality queerly blending into the rather polite intellectuality of his fair coeds.

We now stand against the wall *Youth: A Magazine of the Arts*. Having survived four issues, two of which they published, and a burlesque of their efforts called *Puberty*, the editors, Sam Putnam and H. C. Auer, Jr., face the future undismayed. The magazine has been variously commended for its excellent woodcuts, its careful make-up, its advertisements, and for its eminently cheerful tone. We can do no better than to substantiate Mr. Finger's judgment of the newer literary publications by saying that *Youth* is another attempt to get footloose from commercialism by men of letters whose prototypes were burned at the stake three centuries ago.

The newest of all these arrived this morning and is called *The Wave*, published by Steen Hinrichsen and edited by Vincent Starrett, whose work is or should be well-known to readers of THE DOUBLE DEALER. A wood-cut in decalcomania colors adorns the cover. Internally *The Wave* contains an excellent poem by Haniel Long and a most entertaining letter written by George Moore to the Lord Chancellor declining an invitation to a dinner in honor of the cartoonist "Spy," at which were present two dukes, a score of marquises, and as many knights, barons and lesser fry. Mr. Frank Harris was not present. Arthur Machen, whom James Branch Cabell believes to be one of the greatest literary artists alive today, contributes a whimsical continuation of Rabelais entitled "The Marriage of Panurge." Such dissimilar poets as Stephen Huguenot and Edgar Savage are granted an audience by the catholic taste of the editor. The title of the publication was inspired by the poem of William Saphier's "Idle Afternoon," printed originally in THE DOUBLE DEALER. The magazine disavows a fixed policy of any kind. Long may it wave!

With THE DOUBLE DEALER also in the field, who shall say that literature is any longer a commercialized product in these United States?

PLAGIARISM

IN literature as in life it is only the poor man who is afraid or too proud to borrow.

Men of very limited talent, it is to be observed, are most jealous of their

originality. It is they who are most fearful of being "influenced." They are desperately afraid of being echoes. They hesitate at studying or emulating the masters lest it injure their style or mar their original essence.

Artists who are wealthy in their own right are frequently, and perhaps generally, wholesale borrowers. They appropriate when they please. They quote or they steal at random, and—as Emerson has pointed out—not from any sense of poverty ("for they have as good of their own") but out of "gentlemanlike good humor" and a desire to perpetuate or pass on a thing well done.

The creation of beauty or the evocation of beauty is largely the artist's aim. The appropriate word, the appropriate cadence, the appropriate design or pigment for a desired effect may have been used before. That matters little to the artist who is building up a new whole of his own. He uses what serves his end. Shakespeare was the prince of thieves. Whistler was a sponge. And it is very lucky for us who love the arts that they were not too petty to broaden their genius by absorption and larceny. Shakespeare's stolen words made chords in new and marvelous harmonies. Whistler's variations on the artistic wisdom of the east added much to the world's stock of beauty.

The artist who is afraid of "influences" is but too likely to be a petty artist. After all, the artist should be more interested in his craft than in the expression of his originality. Egos are essentially petty and essentially of little consequence. Besides, it is to be noted, if the point is pressed, that originality

in a truly original talent takes care of itself. All "influences," all thefts, all ghostly loans, serve but to emphasize and to magnify the originality of the artist. It is only frail and already moribund talents that are injured by imitation. A healthy talent grows as it absorbs.

Those who out of jealous self-consciousness refuse to learn technique from others are all too likely to remain aboriginal artisans. The Hottentot artist relied on himself. Leonardo learned from generations that preceded him. The portrait of a zebra scratched on stone after the savage's isolated conception is more original, certainly, than the St. Anne, but the St. Anne is more beautiful.

It is beautiful results that are demanded of artists. And if a thing be beautiful, appropriate and satisfactory, it matters little what wandering ego produced it and none at all if he was helped in his work by the friendly hands of the dead.

BELLY WORSHIP

EAT, drink and be merry; for tomorrow ye shall die. Isaiah was wrong. For tomorrow, by all the hazards, ye shall live. Ask Gipsy Smith. Ask the Reverend Bryan and Pussyfoot Johnson. Conjure up the shades of Franc Villon, Kit Marlowe, Bill Shakespeare and Carrie Nation. Ask Johns, Barrymore and Barleycorn. Ask yourself. Ask me. . . Brother, what of the morrow's dawn?

Eat, drink and be merry, yes—but remember the morrow. For just as sure as we quick guttle ourselves into coma-

tose ecstasis, just so sure must we quick come out of comatose ecstasis. And, you'll indulge my play, the quicker we quick go under, the quicker we quick come out. If tomorrow we shall live, and we must if we shall, what's the use of making it a more unpleasant tomorrow than nature already plans to make it!

Now for my moral—mind you, this is a moral discourse—*emulate the beast and be a man*. Whoever heard of a horse swilling himself into insensibility? Swine swill, yes, but it is the nature of swine to swill. Whoever heard of a dog glutting its belly beyond capacity? Swine glut, yes, but it is the nature of swine to glut. Is it man's nature? Whoever heard of an ape, an ass, a cow, a cat, or a hyena attempting to hasten demise by way of unnatural processes? Has a hyena ever been known to suicide? Has a nigger?

Say what you will, dog, horse and hyena are morally cleaner, physically wiser than we lords of life. Lords of life, heh! Belly-worshippers. And by our bellies ended. What does the average intelligent Caucasian do when he gets a holiday? Stuff himself with carrion; batten upon carcass, entrails, substance of dead animal and vegetable matter. See him gulp an oyster whole, dissect a turkey, gnaw flesh from the rib of a heifer, nibble the leg of a frog, swallow the *huevos* of a bull, dispatch tongue and tail of an ox, bolt brains and liver of a calf—*et cetera ad nauseam*. Who was it tasted the first snail? Holiday come, drown ills in wine, and make unto yourself ills manifold. Behold your Lord of Life purchase and put down a quart of fusel oil, properly dis-

guised and doctored. Observe the spectacle. A charming one. He's having a good time. "This is the life," he will tell you... Ask him tomorrow.

Eat, drink and be merry; for tomorrow ye shall die. Isaiah, you should have been ashamed of yourself. Naughty Isaiah! You and old Omar and your kind have wreaked curious havoc with your innocent mouthings. Ban the bible and the Persians if this is the best they have to offer. Cicero sees it otherwise: *Tantum sibi et potionis adhibendum est, ut reficiantur vires, non opprimantur*. I'm hanged if I'll English it. An interlinear "De Senectute," II, 36, will give up the gloss.

"O tempora, O mores!" The cry went up seven decades B. C. It held seven centuries A. D. It held seven twelvemonths B. V. D., as my young friend coigns it, Before Volstead Done it. It holds today, seven twelve weeks P. B. And it will hold hence into seven times seven infinities.

Ah, men!

SOCRATES, SUNDAY ET AL.

THERE is a flood of loose talk in circulation and a deluge of looser thinking. One of the silliest notions that at present besets the nation is the idea that it takes a wise man, a master spirit, to make a popular success, to "put it over," to "take in" the mob. The reverse is nearer the truth. It takes a thief to catch a thief and an ass to parade to other asses' admiration. It is almost certain that the floaters of patent medicine cures swallow their own hogwash religiously, that great popular

entertainers like Billy Sunday and Henry Ford believe the imbecilities they voice. To convince others, first convince yourself. Any dub salesman will tell you that.

P. T. Barnum was perhaps our greatest ballyhoo artist. He had a rare quality unpossessed by most great popularizers. He could steal a diagonal glance at himself. But make no mistake, Barnum did not stand aloof from the crowd and say to himself, "Go to, today I will put something over on the boys. Let me see. What shall it be?" Not by the eyebrows of the Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ. He was as much edified by his white-washed elephant as the widest-mouthed yokel who gaped at it. It was only after the beast was tucked into its stall for the night and the change taken in for the day had been counted that Barnum began to laugh at his customers and *himself*.

In other fields, for a sample, the literary, you will find the same situation. George Moore says that every man writes as well as he can. Thus the hugely popular novels of Mary Roberts Rinehart are inspired "in the same sense that 'Othello' was inspired" but in the case of the former the inspiration is one that lifts the ordinary surface thoughts of the masses to a pitch where it becomes a cry from the heart. This is the commercial value of mediocrity. Your genius transcends the moment and passes far over the head of his public to the greater glory of art and the lesser profit of his publishers. Were he to try his hand at popular fiction he would be ridiculed by the very audience he aimed to please.

What is the moral? To quote one of

the millionaire serial writers, "You can't have everything." If you are a genius you cannot evade your destiny nor can you except by fluke be a best seller. And if you are a hero to the populace, neither can you be too far above them. The man who reads and laughs over *Judge*, who attends the movies and tells you the plots, who buys cough drops for coughs, liver pills for imaginary liver trouble, who grows lyric over 100 per cent Americanism and believes that all Turks should be exterminated, may not be a Pascal or a Nietzsche, but he will come nearer to success, as success is gauged in the world. Let it be with hesitation that you call a politician dishonest. It is more likely that he regards his utterances as divinely inspired.

A prophet is without honor in direct ratio to the remoteness of the thing he foretells. If it be about six months distant, he will command both admiration and audience; if six centuries, it is about an even chance that he will be ridiculed or persecuted. But far-sightedness is not a necessary sign of sincerity; and the weather prophet is no mean figure even in comparison with Jeremiah.

We are probably all fakirs in the eyes of others. But no man is a clown to himself, be he Socrates or Sunday.

THE SUBCUTANEOUS LAUGH

THE other night during one of the parties of this carnival time, a most gay grin-boy took a human skull from under its glass case. The victrola was merrily playing. There was dancing. The most gay grin-boy

stood in the middle of the room, gazed lugubriously at the grinning skull and sighed "Alas, poor Yorick!" He did it in his best manner and we laughed without restraint... And beneath our feminine and masculine skins, forty white skulls, doubtless recognizing a fellow skull and a common interest, grinned too. The joke seemed to be on somebody. But on whom?

Voltaire said or wrote somewhere that the first man who compared a woman to a rose was a poet; the second, an ass. There were allusions and allusions in what he said. But down through the ages, men—grin-boys and scowl-boys—have been alas-ing their Yoricks—because their Yoricks one day went away from them and consequently must have come to no good end. It is true that man alases somewhat out of a feeling of regret. That would appear the proper thing to do, it being altogether selfish and human. But it is also human and altogether presumptuous to suppose that Yorick has *his* regrets and must have them because he is not at present here with us.

It is indicative of the limits of our imagination that we so easily assume our own particular little world to be the most desirable—this little world of kicking, squealing quick as opposed to the world of the dead; this little group of literati, to that of the illiterati; this little society set, to that of the underprivileged and unwashed, and so on. Classes of people are not so clearly defined as I may seem to suggest; but whoever feels that he represents a class, whether it is his life, his poverty, his thinking that drags him into a class, whether he is conventionally ignorant

or not, readily mouths his "alas" to him who has gone to the most nearly rival class.

Somebody must be laughing at all this. It is too good a joke to be ignored by everybody. We human critters will never laugh at it in the right spirit. And it pleases me to suppose that the skulls underneath my skin and underneath the skins of my neighbors are

laughing—a great silent grin-laugh—such a strange soundless guffawing as won't and can't be stopped even though the skin rot.

I walked over to the glass case only a few days ago and looked at the skull. There's no doubt but what the expression is a grin. And the question now in my mind asks: who laughs at the skull?

Love Is Such A Mischief

By JOHN Mc CLURE.

Love is such a mischief
That I dare not say
I would give you riches
To barter it away.

Sired by Disaster
Dammed by Discontent,
Gold that would buy it
Is spendthrift spent.

Were it worth a penny,
Were it worth a song,
Ere I purchased any
I should falter long.

Time no more shall find me
In such sorry plight
Who once bought too dearly
So false a delight.

A New Testament

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I SEE you, my beloved, sitting in a room beside me but I cannot speak to you. There is not time. You are young now but when I have turned my head to blow the smoke from before my eyes you shall grow old. I do turn my head again. You are a mumbling old woman. It is useless to speak to you. You are full of memories, crammed with them. There is no room for me to enter into you.

It is quite true, my beloved, that I have always seen you as through a glass darkly. I see all life so.

You are floating in a medium outside my own. That must be quite apparent. All men and women I have ever seen were floating in a medium outside my own. I a little understand the necessity for that—now. The day for the cure has not come. The time when God will breathe life into our nostrils lies lost in the future.

That I have touched you and others with my hands, held you in my arms, caressed your tired eyes, awakened at night to see you asleep beside me—all facts, beliefs, suspicions, touching our belief in the reality of any approach we have made to each other are myths, fairy tales we have whispered to ourselves in the darkness of long nights. I believe that.

However, there is something more curious than what I am now saying to you. The fact of the impossibility of an approach to each other is so obviously curious. It is curious as the formation of a cliff may be curious. It is puzzling as the slippery, exhausted cross rhythms of waves is puzzling. You have seen the waves run on when the wind died on the face of the sea. You have seen many things I have seen.

We have not approached the time when we may speak to each other, but in the mornings sometimes I have heard, echoing far off, the sound of a trumpet.

It is apparent that nations cannot exist for us. They are the playthings of children, such toys as children break from boredom and weariness. The branch of a tree is my country. My freedom sleeps in a mulberry bush.

What remains that is articulate is simply my desire to express to you something out of the Now, the present. It is morning and you have gone, quite nude, to bath on a beach. I see you there and you are lovely. Your head is turned a little to one side. Listen. I have put the bugle to my lips. Do you hear faintly the sound of it, running on the face of the waters? How stupidly I blow the trumpet. There is no music in me.

I consume myself in my own attempt to find myself. It is thus I die, hourly, in every moment.

You must understand, however, that it is my desire to communicate to you something out of the Now, the present.

I am a sea and a wind sweeps across the face of me. My words are little waves, thrust up. They are attempts to grasp, to lay hold of a passing thing. My words have, I well know, little to do with the actuality of you and of me.

Yesterday a disease attacked the fields here, back of my house. A million winged grasshoppers descended upon the field. As one walked they arose in clouds. The grass in the field has become suddenly brown and dead. What was green has become brown, an ashy grey. Tomorrow another disease, a trick of the wind, a match thrown into dead grass, will carry the grasshoppers away.

It is true that you and I have looked about us a little. We have seen how empires are formed and civilizations crushed as a grasshopper is crushed under foot. There would be tragedy in that if empires or civilization mattered to us.

If I am a sea into which you may throw things there is purpose in that. It is that things may be thrown into me I exist.

Let us return to yourself and myself. We stand here, Now, in this instant, in the presence of the breathing sea that is myself, yourself, we are in the presence of a wind that runs, we are at the head of a street, watching the people pass, we are in a forest under trees.

How strong, how swift, how sure we are. The grasshopper in flight, the gull twisting and turning in air currents over a sea—nothing that lives is more strong and sure than ourselves. There is nothing in life superior to ourselves. We are ourselves superior to nothing in life.

I have a passionate hunger to take a bite out of the Now—the pres-

ent. The Now is a country to discover which, to be the pioneer in which I would give all thought, all memories, all hopes. My ship has but skirted the shores of that country. What is growing there? I would take a bite out of the present. I would consume it quite. I would live my life in the present, in the land of the Now only.

For that purpose I would be ageless, impotent, potent, swift, a sluggish slow crawling worm, a singing rhythmical thing beating my wings, carried along for an instant in the flight of time. I would myself create a lull in the storm that is myself. I am a stream gone dry. Fill me with living waters. There is something stagnant in me. As I write, breathe, move back and forth in this room life is passing from me. Do you not see how I pass from one present into another unknowing? I would leave nothing unknown. To live in the presence of the unknown is death to me.

Memories constantly create the disease of misunderstanding. It is the disease that shall destroy you and me. Only in the present, the land of the Now, is there awareness. All memories are disease. They corrupt, pervert life. They are clouds descended upon the clear sky. They shut out the sun. By their presence we are made blind.

I would testify always out of the present and have come to realize that my ambition is a vain thing—an impossible dream.

How often have I seen your face, a thousand faces passing in the street, in a street of the city of my mind. A face came toward me. It was unconscious of me. I was conscious of it and at the same time unconscious. The face spoke to me in the language of the instant, the Now, the present. Golden words fell from lips that were ripe with life. The words were strong arms that lifted me up. What unspoken words I have heard.

I tell you there is a language of which it may be said that every word in it comprehends more than all I have ever written, thought, dreamed. There is a country in which suns stand still. Hope is not dead. There is something living in you and in me.

The words of those I have seen passing through the land of the Now, the present, created as they went. They were pregnant words, throwing off children as the sun throws off light.

In my own person, and later I began to think, to remember. The glorious and living present became corrupt. It passed from me.

It is not true that God created the world in six days, or rather perhaps he did—a fact that would account for the corruption of the world. Worlds should be created as gestures of gods.

As I cannot live in the present, stay in it, it is impossible I should approach you. I am impotent. I cannot swim, fly, propel myself forward swiftly enough.

Time has departed from me. What I was I shall never be again. What I may be today, tomorrow, cannot matter to you. You cannot grasp me Now. I cannot lay hold of the fact of you.

We were aware but we were but half aware. The bugle blew but we did not arise from our sleep. Even as I write the Now, the present is passing from me. In a moment I shall begin to think, to remember. What is corrupt, corroding, shall enter into me. Although I have died many times I shall in a moment and as you stand looking repeat over again the death scene I constantly strive to escape.

Presences

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

All day I played in the winter sun,
And came back home when the day was done.

I lit the lamp in my dusty room
And something vanished in the startled gloom;

Something in the dark and heavy air
Lit, like teeth, with a savage flare.

The fingers of snow on the ledge were the sea
Climbing into the room on me;

And the pointed shadows of table and chair
Were the toes of darkness hiding somewhere;

The silence looked—our eyes came to grips,
And the tall, grey door was a finger to his lips.

The Purple Patch

By VALMA CLARK

PROFESSOR Henry Burt Lang sat at his wide bare desk in his home-study and frowned at the rose-shaded lamp; he preferred a green shaded student's lamp with its cold clear light. Professor Lang was annoyed: he suspected his niece, Lois, of romantic yearnings toward that romantic young ass, Max Stephens. Yearnings of any kind were offensive to Henry Lang, but *romantic* yearnings were unendurable. It was not like Lois; it was not fair in view of their agreement, in view of his absolute trust in her. True, Professor Lang knew Max Stephens very slightly, but he had once, in his youth, known Max's aunt, Amelie Stephens, very well—ah yes, very well indeed. He smoothed his little grey Vandyke.

Oh well—half guiltily Henry Lang drained off the small after-dinner cup of coffee; chilled milk was his usual evening beverage. Then he pushed the inkwell back two inches, clearing his desk for action. Suspiciously he inspected the sheaf of pencils to make sure that Martha had sharpened them to the finest possible points; nothing irritated him more than to pick up a pencil slightly dulled. At length he opened the drawer, took out the proof for the final chapter of his book, and settled himself to work.

He had left special word that he was not to be disturbed wherefore Lois's unwonted intrusion was inexcusable. She was a broad-faced, squarely-built,

energetic girl who usually burst into rooms—indeed, her vitality sometimes rather wore him out so that he was glad when her vacations came to an end and she went back to school. But tonight her rap at his door lacked decision, her whole manner, as she wandered over the study and finally paused before the long French window was tentative, dawdling.

"Well, well?" he snapped out impatiently at last.

"We played tennis hard—three sets. I'm rather—done up." She hesitated. "Max says his aunt, Miss Stephens, is hardly so well. She's very difficult; she won't stay in bed."

"Hm. She *wouldn't!*" muttered Henry Lang appreciatively.

"He says, for all her soft voice and rose brocades, his Aunt Amelie's a rare old sport. When Max was a youngster,"—Lois's smile held tenderness—"she used to play at hide and seek with him in the cemetery. She agreed with him that a cemetery was the only logical place—they used to slip away from Max's mother."

"Huh! No reverence—"

"Yet in serious moments, she talks to him like a father. When she gave him her jam factory, she said: 'Take it, my boy—there's romance in Jams. And stick by it. Thoreau, you know, when he'd learned to make pencils, didn't stop making them and go in for—papier mache snakes; he kept right on making better pencils.'"

"Amelie gives excellent advice with a twinkle in her eye," said Professor Lang dryly. "Her own life is hardly one of concentrated effort. She has started everything from *bal masqués* and travel to literary colonies and old lace collections, and she has finished nothing. The jam factory, I believe, was Amelie's sole venture for making money; the others were all for spending money. The way she lives," he added with unusual feeling, "is like—like sopping up rich gravy with bread—so indiscriminate."

"But she keeps step, you know; there's no age to her. Like sparkling old wine, extra dry, Max puts it. You and she, Uncle Henry,"—Lois paused, turned then and met his eyes firmly—"was there ever anything—?"

"Never!" answered Professor Lang testily.

"She was a very lovely girl, they say."

"But wilful and flighty—spoiled."

"Well—I only thought there might—Don't you ever get lonesome, Uncle Henry?"

"My dear Lois, I am too busy to be lonesome; all my life I've been too busy. Tonight, as you know, I'm exceedingly—"

Lois let the window cord, with which she had been playing, snap sharply back against the pane. "Even Milton had time for three wives!"

Professor Lang sat coldly upright, with an expression that plainly said, "If you're going to get *loud* again and vulgar—" He coughed, glanced pointedly at the clock.

The girl's broad face turned slowly red. "I'm not sure that I can go on with it!" she burst out passionately. "I'm not sure that a vocation—knives and anaesthetics—sometimes I feel that I've

got to have warmth and color and—and *love!*"

He offered her no slightest encouragement.

"Won't you—let me off, Uncle Henry? I can make it up to you—somehow. There's some one special—"

"Surgery was your own choice," he replied dispassionately. "I agreed to give you the necessary training on condition that, once having started, you see it through. You are twenty-five years old; you have two more years in medical school. After that your life is your own. It has not been easy for me." Professor Lang fitted the tips of his fingers together, summing it up. "No, my dear, I regret that this thing has come up, but I've no intention of letting you off. You're a sensible person—a woman of course, but even a woman can conquer herself. You're hysterical now. If you'd like to get away, a holiday at the seashore—Kennebunk, say, or Cape Cod—I think I can manage. And now, if you please—"

"Thank you," she said formally, moving toward the door. "I—I—"

"I shall be grateful," he added, "if you will see that there are no further interruptions."

"Sometimes"—she spoke slowly—"I think you are like stone—hard grey stone, perfectly polished—"

Professor Lang shrugged impatiently, rose to close the door after her. *He* could no more have failed to put the period of a closed door on one room before he entered another than he could have neglected to brush his teeth after meals.

He had been right in his surmise of course—he was usually right. There had been the little incident of Keats:

Professor Lang had not known that Lois indulged in Keats, but that very afternoon, in the living room, he had picked up a marked copy of that syrup effusion. *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, which Lois had left open on the table. From the pocket of his trim velvet jacket, he drew out the little limp leather volume and permitted himself to fling it contemptuously upon his desk. Of the poets, Milton, Pope and Gray were his favorites. Keats was his abomination.

But he'd hold her to her promise; Henry Lang wasn't a man to step aside and see his own brother's daughter make a mess of her life. Max Stephens, was it, who was in jam? Jam, forsooth—the sticky sweetness of it! On his own table, jam was not tolerated except when Lois was home, and then only a standard breakfast marmalade.

One thing at a time done well—Surgery, eh?—Very good! People like Amélie Stephens who set out to gobble the world, ended by gobbling nothing at all. For himself now, he could honestly say he was successful: modestly aiming no higher than Ablative Absolutes, he had chewed them thoroughly and swallowed them completely; and now his book, a most thorough, competent work.

He was Professor of Latin in the little University of Dunkirk. Latin was the business of his life; he contributed occasional papers of philology to a certain learned monthly, and in the past, he had written a masterly, exhaustive thing on the Ablative Absolute. But his diversion was not Latin straight, but the Latin in English literature, and the one mad adventure of his life was a great tome entitled *Classical Influences on Minor English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, a long, dull, scholarly work,

upon which he had squandered ten good years, and the round sum of ten thousand dollars—over half of his private fortune—payed out to a doubtful publisher. Now, after countless delays owing to the war and printing conditions, the volume was about to be published. Tonight marked the end of his labors. It was exceedingly important that the proof for this last chapter should be gone over and sent out at once. It was very upsetting. Just when he should be feeling a great glow of achievement, he was feeling merely restless.

Partially the restlessness was his own fault—he admitted that he should not have drunk the coffee—but partially it was Martha's fault. For dinner there had been maple mousse on top of creamed sweetbreads—Lois's favorite dishes—in place of the usual Friday night fish and cup-custard: certainly too rich by far! He must speak to Martha. Then, too, the whole atmosphere of the room was wrong for settled study. Deep upholstered chairs, soft hangings, pillows—he noted the luxurious details with disapproval. Professor Lank liked his chairs straight and his mattress hard. He preferred the bare, whitewashed space of his old study in the dilapidated cottage he had rented for years. This was one of Miss Stephens' houses, which they had taken furnished at a rent so ridiculously low that Lois had said they couldn't afford to pass it by. If only the cottage hadn't become *too* dilapidated—he regretted it.

Professor Henry Burt Lang made no heavy demands on life. His wants were few enough; peace and quiet, water drawn on the minute for his punctilious morning plunge, porridge and tea for

breakfast, a pocket flashlight always ready by his bedside in case he should want to make jottings. He liked things that offered some resistance—required *stiffness* in military brushes. He expected his red kidney beans on Saturday; he insisted upon the daily pressing of his suits—since there were always three suits and he alternated, there was no excuse for not having one of them always freshly creased; he liked his milk-toast in a certain plain white bowl and his tea in a certain earthen teapot. So his days moved along well-worn grooves, and his attention was not claimed by the trivial; the machinery of life was subordinated. One had only to know his little pet aversions and animosities, and to avoid them. Salts and peppers that caked and would not work, spoiled a meal for him. Rush and hurry irritated him; to see him walking down Main street, brief-case in hand, a detached mid-Victorian gentleman in stiff derby and silken scarf, made Main street seem a little vulgar. He disliked stained glass windows, Christmas, fringe, incense, that painting, *The Pot of Basil*, and motorcycles.

Picnics he loathed, their informality and their extemporaneousness. Professor Lang had no patience with the unexpected—last minute dinner invitations, guests who dropped in. He refused to put himself at the mercy of impulsive friends; his life was logical, arranged for, and he'd thank no one to interfere with it.

As a classicist, there was nothing of the pagan love of beauty in him; he was of the Stoic school, not of the epicurean. It was not the broad flowing lines of a Winged Victory that delighted him, but rather the exactness of the language,

the careful scholarliness and finished perfection of detail in all things classic.

Professor Lang had certain pet phrases of praise for literature: "admirable restraint," "balanced," universal," "chastening of genius;" and certain scathing phrases of criticism; "regrettable emotionalism," "'sprawling formlessness,'" "intensely personal," "sensuous." Tennyson's *In Memoriam* he objected to as a pathological study of grief, in very bad taste. His favorite dictum was, "A man does not talk largely about those things on which he feels most deeply."

In short, Professor Lang's was a little life, competently lived to the last deft fillip of a whisk broom, a life out of the world, that might have been lived, with very few changes, in any time or age. Rigid, austere, puritanical—but for his personal fastidiousness, Henry Lang was of the stuff old monks are made of. If romance had ever touched him, no one knew it.

Now he underscored a word, made a nervous note on the margin of the proof. Finally he paused to fill the bowl of his pipe carefully with the finest grade of mild, imported tobacco... Ah, that was better! He took up his pencil. But presently he was turning over the pages of the little Keats volume, murmuring passages that Lois had firmly underscored:

"Full on this casement shone the
wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's
fair breast. . .

"And still she slept an azure-lidded
sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth and laven-
der'd,

While he from forth the closet brought
 a heap
 Of candied apple, quince and plum, and
 gourd;
 With jellies smoother than the creamy
 curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinna-
 mon—'

Purple patches! Bah!" The room was stifling, that was it. He rose, threw open the long window. A mellow, *lush* night. . . Indian summer warmth, fruity odors of ripened apples, fresh-turned soil and rotting leaves, a squashed-in yellow moon beyond the row of poplars. Surely *this* night air would not bring on his rheumatism.

They had quarreled humorously over a dirty Italian family, he remembered. Amélie was always doing impulsive things for indigent Italians; her generous income flowed through her fingers like water. For himself, he was a thoroughgoing Greek, believed in culture as an end in itself and in the rights of the privileged few, worried not about Italian laborers; tearful appeals to his sympathy left him cold, though he gave generously to certain abstract charities that appealed to his reason. Amélie's charities and her mode of life were utterly inconsistent, as he had pointed out to her. She was affecting high Spanish combs and extravagant cream lace at the time . . . He recalled a certain green velvet riding habit with flowing skirt, which she had worn . . . A daring horsewoman. Amélie had been . . .

Good heavens, what had come over him! It was the night and that thing Lois was playing off there in the music room: normally Lois played martial music with a firm touch, "for the good

of her soul," laughingly, but to-night it was something soft and driveling—moonshine and springtime with a sentimental sob in it—and her fingers were caressing the notes. That and some elusive sweetness . . . Ah, the little pot of hyacinths . . . Martha and her eternal bulbs!

He took himself firmly in hand, went back to his desk. It was perhaps lack of exercise—he was a little weary from so long sitting. He'd do forty counts with the dumb-bells to-night, he resolved. Professor Lang preferred dieting to exercise as a saving of time, but a certain increasing roundness in the region of the belt was crying aloud for stringent measures. Of late, he'd taken on a new series of exercises for the stomach—rather strenuous; he doubted their efficiency, but having started them, he would give them a thorough tryout.

A change was what he really needed. He had had no holiday for nearly ten years, had spent the long summer vacations locked in a stall in the Cambridge library, pouring over old source-books not to be found in the little library of Dunkirk. Now that the book was almost ready, he could afford a rest; a walking trip, say, or a little cycling jaunt through the Berkshires. Meantime, he really must be hurrying this proof.

But at the moment Professor Lang became aware of a disturbance and looked up, amazed and outraged, to discover a young man in chauffeur's livery standing in the open French window.

"If you'll pardon me, Sir, but the maid said—"

"I gave Martha explicit orders—"

"The maid said you were not at home,

so I took the liberty. Miss Stephens is waiting outside in her car." (Professor Lang recognized him now—a boy whom Miss Stephens had befriended, according to town talk.) "She asks you to ride with her."

"My dear young man, you will tell Miss Stephens I am very sorry—"

"I think you'd best humor her, Sir." There was something extraordinarily convincing about his quiet manner.

"Whimsy!" muttered Professor Lang. "I've important work . . . I'm not accustomed to having my peace— Well, well, well— It's irregular. Just a short turn, mind. My other coat—"

* * *

"The hour, Amélie, and it's a heavy dew!" he expostulated.

"Curfew has rung," she assented, "but there's a moon, Henry, and how many decades is it since we rode together under a moon? Here's a robe. The Canal Road, Homer, and—let it out!"

It was the low, trained voice he remembered, a shade thinner perhaps. Odd, how lightly the years touched her. She was white-haired now, yet still slender, amazingly young; he peered at her, resting there among cushions, but the soft swathings of a veil irritatingly concealed her . . . *Veiled* women, Bah! . . . *Arabian Nights'* trumpery!

Professor Lang sat upright against seductive upholstery. He had never learned to abandon himself to the joy of riding: his own rattling little car, he regarded always with suspicion, and left, for the most part, to Lois; though certainly this smooth-purring monster was less distasteful.

"Julie was reading from the Book of Job to me. I had to get out—the cur-

tains were all crooked," she said plaintively.

"Ah!" he murmured in sympathy. Crooked curtains! . . . He could understand the annoyance of that.

"Big things, like Job, you can take on faith. It's the little things—sunlight on the breakfast table, a white rose in a silver vase—that give meaning to the big things, don't you think? I've been ill, you know."

"But *ought* you—?"

"Oh, nothing . I'll be—all right directly."

They rode on in silence that began to get on his nerves. "I saw Mrs. Barrow the other day," he offered conversationally, rather at a loss.

"Hm, a hat like a bad orange toadstool," she mused: "no taste, ever. About Max and your niece, Henry . . ."

"He's an incurable romanticist, eh?"

"I'm afraid so. He rises early for a glass of warm milk; she's remarkably pretty, the milkmaid. He prefers his strawberries, fresh from the garden with the dew on them—and the grit. He plays *Truth*. He buys impulsive, delightful gifts; pet rabbits; a sun dial. And Lois, she's an incurable classicist?"

"Huh, not *incurable*," he admitted grumpily. "But if you've brought me out to talk Lois and Max—"

"No, no, it doesn't matter. Ah, grapes!" she cried, leaning forward. "*Wild* grapes! Can't you smell them? Stop, Homer; Professor Lang is getting out. Over there, along that fence, I think."

He stumbled through a ditch and a briar patch (Damn it, he needed his flashlight for this sort of thing! She was the kind of girl who sent you off after water lilies on a geology trip. He

had seen that in time. Were you concentrating on Minor Poets of the Nineteenth Century, she would, as like as not switch you to a wild-goose chase after the Brontes or—or chiffons!)

He came back with his feet wet and his hands full, and she reached out both hands to him. "The fragrance of them!" she breathed, pushing back her veil and burying her face in them. Quite deliberately she crushed the grapes, and held them out, all dripping juice, for him to smell.

"I say," he protested aghast, "if you're not going to *eat* them—"

"No, I'm not—hungry." She did not apologize; she seemed not to notice that the purple juice was dripping over his trouser legs—and salt-and-pepper ones, a really good suit.

Then she flung the grapes away, dried her hands on her handkerchief, spoke thoughtfully: "You know, I've always been in love with you—as much as anyone," humorously. "If it weren't too—saccharine, I might say I've stayed faithful to you."

"But I never asked you to stay faithful to me," he muttered irritably.

"The time I played at love with you—you recall the evening?"

Professor Lang did.

"I frightened you off. If I'd only gone on playing cribbage with you, we might have been playing cribbage together to this day. Love is mostly illusion, isn't it? And illusion is—all there is in life; but that's where we differ. At any rate, you've missed a lot, Henry: for one thing, perfect little dinners with fillet of sole, roast venison, wines—"

"I'm careful about my dinners now," said Professor Lang uncomfortably.

"Oh! Mush and milk, served lukewarm?"

"You run to spices—cinnamon toast, I seem to remember," he growled. "Bad for the blood."

"Thank heaven, I've never had to worry about my blood! my circulation's always been good. It's been pretty drab, your life, Henry dear, but even the most matter-of-fact day has its purple patch or two,—at least a purplish moment toward the end of the day when the setting sun turns ploughed fields—lavender . . . Illusion too, but what of it?"

"Now I — I've done everything. There's the aeroplane, skimming over moonlit lands by night—I've missed that. And there's still the South Sea Islands. But everything else . . . Riding on a bus down Fifth Avenue on a sharp night with the lure of softly hanging silks from shop windows, sea-green, coral . . . Gypsying to the tinkling tune of a charcoal fire . . . Gliding through darkness in a gondola. There was the summer I spent alone in the Northwoods the plashing of water against rocks like the murmuring of people's voices; pine cones burning, glowing red, dying to ash-lavender and crumpling—I missed you that summer. And all the seasons—" She was speaking rapidly, almost feverishly. "I've pictures: fall, and four wild ducks flying into a waning moon; winter, and the sharp black branches of trees against a lemon sunset; springtime, and the white lace of cherry blossoms against a grey stone church . . . Ah!"—she threw her arms wide—"I've the material for forty novels—and I'll never write one. You've the material for two grammars, and you'll write them both, painstakingly, adequately. I'd rather have—my forty

—unwritten novels—than your two blessed, pokey—old grammars. Sorry, rather—breathy.” She collapsed with a little laughing gasp against her cushions.

“Amélie, you’re overdoing!” As she leaned her head back, he saw her face dimly, realized, with a shock, how very frail she was. “You’re *always* overdoing—”

“Only — spending my life. You know—?” He had to lean forward to catch the words.

“My Candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!”

Liquid outpourings of the soul!” she chuckled; “you hate them. Hush!”

They struck a bridge with a harsh clattering of boards; then the road was again flowing smoothly away beneath them. Professor Lang became aware that they were speeding!

“Faster,” Amélie murmured.

They skimmed the crest of a hill, dropped down. “Good lord, the curve!” he shouted, bracing himself for the crash. But no crash came.

“Be still. Close your eyes.” Amélie slid her hand into his.

“Madness! We’ll pile up in a ditch,” he protested weakly.

Her hand was very chill and he drew it into the warmth of his big pocket. Then, in a moment of amazing tenderness for her, he relaxed. Lights, reflected in the dark waters of the canal, blurring past them . . . Smooth warm air with little waves of dampness in the valleys . . . Odors, pleasant and unpleasant—musky, fungous odors and odors of earthy fruitfulness—blending . . . He had never seen anything more

beautiful than the mist over that swamp; by daylight, he remembered, it was a hideous bog of rotting stumps.

“The moon is more—*moony* toward morning,” she said dreamily; “paler, rarer, more—undiluted—”

“It’s good to be alive,” breathed Henry Lang.

“Yes—isn’t it?” It was the merest murmur.

Scenes from the past came to him like pictures; Lois in a little hat with a cockade, on her fat pony; college boys, in student volunteer uniforms, patiently drilling on the campus; young Amélie at the melodeon; an old white-haired couple coming down the street, arm in arm, at the close of a golden September day. His fingers twined themselves tightly about Amélie’s.

The harsh screeching of a whistle, lurid flames cleaving the darkness, din in his ears and biting smoke in his eyes: they were rushing down the night in a maniacal race with a train, and Professor Lang’s heart leapt forward in the first real thrill of his life. “Faster!” he chuckled. “There’s the crossing ahead—” It was very real danger. There was a moment of keen, sharp suspense, when the train was crashing down upon them, but it did not happen. They cleared the crossing, the shrill whistle came waveringly back to them over far hills, and a clear road and peace stretched once more before them.

An old man and an old woman, arm in arm . . . Lulled to a state of vague emotionalism such as he abhorred, Henry Lang lost himself in the poetry of mere motion; almost he was feeling mildly lyrical. Hotly he realized that the abominable thing he was humming was *Silver Threads Among the Gold*.

Amélie would be smiling in the dark. "You'll be joining in on the chorus," he said, with attempted irony.

Amélie answered nothing at all. She was leaning against him slightly, her head dropping over as though she had fallen asleep; her fingers were cool. With a sudden movement, Henry Lang bent over her, put out a hand to her face. He managed an inarticulate cry to the young chauffeur.

"Is it—over, Sir? Didn't you know she was—dying? There's a house here, I think . . ."

* * *

Sometime later a rather disheveled Professor Lang stepped into his own study, scowled at the purple grape stains. He frowned at the dregs of coffee in the small cup . . . Coffee in his *blood*—he should not have drunk it.

It was too grotesque to be real; an hour before they had been talking about Mrs. Barrows' atrocious orange hat and—cinnamon toast—"No pain, Sir," the young chauffeur had gulped; "you just stop breathing—" "To cease upon the midnight with no pain," muttered Professor Lang. "Lord, Keats again!"

Messy, dying on his hands like that; she might have stayed decently at home in her own bed. *He* would finish with his nightcap on, so to speak, and his

papers sorted and filed away in good order. Yet rather splendid, that last mad, glorious adventuring into death—!

Lois paused in the doorway, which he had left open, stared at his muddy shoes. "Where have you been?" she wondered.

"Wild grapes," he murmured vaguely. Martha must send it to the cleaner's. Where have you been?"

"A little ride with—Max. Good night then, Uncle."

"Hold on!" He fidgeted with a pencil. "Understand. I don't approve; it's foolhardy—worse, rank emotionalism. You give up everything you've been striving toward for twenty-five years. Marry him if you must. But close the door—there's a draft."

It was very still in the room. . . . Nothing but the ticking of the clock, ever, to keep him company. Had she loved him then? She had laughed, but she must have known she was dying and she had come for him. Amélie Stephens . . . Amélie . . . He sat hunched over his desk dreaming, until all the world was asleep and there was only the chirping of crickets. At length he pulled himself erect, smoothed out the proof for his final chapter. He had never in his life been so tired . . . Yet with haste, he might finish before morning.

The altruist is a man who loves his worst enemy, but the egoist is a man who loves only his worst enemy.

Ballad Inventory

By DOMINIC D'ARMES

In all lands and down the ages,
As their Boswells prove,
To the bane of skalds and sages
Has been tendered Love.

To Catullus was allotted
Lesbia, a wily woman.
White she was but not unspotted.
He was human.

Unto Ovid was vouchsafed
Fickle fanciful Corinna,
Very soon Love's ribands chafed
This bewitching sinner.

To Petrarch was Laura given,
Little loath to hear his pleas.
Abelard enjoyed curt heaven
With Dame Heloise.

Lonely Dante, gaunt and burning
For the icy Beatrice,
Spent himself and youth in learning
Love's dark mysteries.

Herrick sighed in vain for Julie.
Callow Shakespeare, conscience-struck,
Wived his paramour and, duly,
Run amuck.

Hot Dick Lovelace, gallant, knightly
Pale Lucasta did adore.
Who shall say or wrong or rightly
He "loved Honor more"?

Sidney plained his love to Stella;
Keats to Fanny Brawne;
Shelley, visionary fellow,
Honeyed more than one.

Byron, Goethe, loved their many...
Hearken, rede and rule:
He is wise who loves not any—
And a fool.

An Appreciation of Havelock Ellis

By ARTHUR SYMONS

SAN Marco, in Venice, is a piece of barbaric, superb patchwork in which the East and the West have an equal share. Nothing here seems out of place, the devout persons, the priests, the largest onyx in the world, the profane sumptuousness of African marble. It can be thronged, yet never appears to be full, and it has the same air as the Piazza of belonging to the people, who wander in and out, not so much with an instinct of devotion, though that is a habit with the Venetians, but as a place where assignations are exceedingly frequent. This always amused me, most of all the olive cheeked girls with their coloured shawls and powdered faces. The equivalent—I have to use the word profanely—in London is the National Gallery. It was there that, for instance, I first met Havelock Ellis, in 1887. Having been impressed by an article of mine on Mistral in *The National*, printed in 1886, and besides this, having heard that I was editing Plays of Shakespeare, he wrote asking me to join with the other editors and writers of Introductions for the Mermaid Series he himself was editing; which, certainly, after A. H. Bullen's fascinating Editions of the Elizabethan Dramatists, had a distinct value of its own, the texts for one thing being unexpurgated. There was nothing singular in the aspect of Ellis; he was then, as always, shy, taciturn, with morbid eyes, and a face in which honesty was united with a peculiar aloofness.

From that curious meeting of two men of absolutely different temperaments—and perhaps for the very reason of that contrast—resulted a friendship which has never essentially changed.

"My Days and Nights," dedicated to Walter Pater, appeared in 1889; Pater reviewed the book with the insight of a man of genius.

Love's casuistries, impassioned satiety, love's inversion into cruelty, and this complexion of sentiment—a grand passion entangled in scruples, refinements, afterthoughts, reserved, repressed, but none the less masterful for that, conserving all its energies for expression in some unexpected way—Mr. Symons presents, with unmistakable insight, in one group of his poems.

The review was printed in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, March 23rd. It was in March that I went for the first time to Paris; Ellis came with me. I have never forgotten the fascination that seized me on board the steamer; when I set foot on French soil at Calais; then the journey in the train to Paris; then, Paris, the Paris of my visions, of my dreams, of my ecstasies—I was in Paris!

All that is Celtic in me stirred my blood as it had never been stirred before. The same fascination seized on me when I found myself in Venice in 1896; then, in Spain, in 1897, 1898. After that I went to Paris year after year, spring and winter. In 1897 Ellis asked me to go with him to Russia. I leapt at that suggestion with a renewal of the old rapture. I was staying with Giulia Curonico at Birchton-on-Sea

(where Rossetti died) when I received Ellis' letter. The journey was enormous. We stayed one night at Bayreuth, where I saw for the first time Wagner's "Parsifal." Light surges up out of unformed depths; light descends from it, as from the sky; the ecstasy has still a certain fever in it; those shafts of light sometimes pierce the soul like a sword. Even the sombre music of the great Spanish musician Vittnic does not plead and implore like Wagner's. The outcry comes and goes, not only with the suffering of Amfortas, Kundry's despair. This abstract music has human blood in it. That mysterious intensity of expression revealed in the faces of some of Rossetti's pictures has something in the carnality of their colors which appeals to the senses like the insatiable crying out of a carnal voice, in the depths of Wagner's music.

A certain line of a man I used to know, Count Stenbock, "To travel is to die continually," is a line I have often found myself repeating as I shivered in railway-stations, even in Silesia, or lay in a plunging berth as the foam chased the snowflakes off the deck. In Silesia, on my way to Russia with Havelock Ellis, we, by mistake, got out of the train at a small village and had to spend there several of the hours that follow the hour of five on a Sunday morning. Ellis remained in the station; I, with my invariable curiosity, wandered out. The people were on their way to early morning church. They were mostly women of about the middle age, or of all ages, at least, that have thoroughly left behind youth. I am sure they were worthy and pious people; they had put on their best finery to go to church, and they walked obstinately, clutching their

prayer-books: but never before had I realized how far humanity can go in the direction of forgetting sex, forgetting humanity. They were all shapeless, there was not one that was only moderately plain; they were like raw lumps of flesh, roughly thrown together, and tied in with ill-fitting, dowdy clothes. Lower than the animals, for the animals, at least, have always their own natural grace, and the animals are always anxious to please one another; these peasants in whom life had dwindled to its bare holding together in existence, without care for themselves or for one another, had brought existence down to this, showed me, once and for all, what the peasant nature, left to itself, without the inspiring idea of sex and the enlivening idea of vanity, will come to.

In 1898 I spent a month with Havelock Ellis in Malaga; we stayed in a curious hotel made partly of wood, that had a garden in which vines grew; there were vine trellises, tables and seats under shady trees; the Mediterranean was always before us. It was near the Caleta and the Café Hernan Cortes. I went almost every night to *La Chinitas*, one of the most curious music-halls I have seen in Spain. We went through an awful slum and had to stop our noses; in exactly the same sense as in Pisa when I entered the Campo Santo and saw what the imagination of Orgagna had created for the world's astonishment. His hell is logical, faithful to a conception, and desires only to be very real in turning into visible shape what it has come to believe of invisible beings and of things to come: as it were in the Bible. "Hell is murky," and Orgagna sees it in just

such circles of bodily agony, with those snakes and flames and devils—clawed and scaled—elaborated for all the parodies of Hate.

The gypsies are nearer to the animals than any race known to us in Europe. They are distinguishable from the people of every land which they inhabit; there is something in them finer, stranger, more primitive, something baffling to all who do not understand them through a natural sympathy. The sullen mystery of gypsy eyes, especially in the women, their way of coiling their hair, of adorning themselves with bright colors and many rings and long earrings, are to be found wherever one travels, east or west. Yet it is eastward that one must go to find their least touched beauty, their original splendor. It was in the market-place in Belgrade that I saw the beauty of the gypsies in its most exact form.

The most wonderful gypsies I have met are the Spanish gypsies; those, for instance, that I saw in Seville, night after night in the Macarona quarter; strange and sulky, fatal creatures standing in doorways, with flowers in the hair, and mysterious, angry eyes; with long, ugly, tragic faces, seeming to remember an ancestral unhappiness. After these come the tribes I have seen in Constantinople, Sofia, Budapest, Prague, Moscow and in Asia. Here, in the village where I am staying, I have come across tribe after tribe; all Oriental, aloof, proud, savage animals, passionate and mysterious. Only the other day I was talking with John Pitcher, a gorgeous gypsy with snake's eyes, in the hop-field where they were working. Among themselves they talk in pure Romani; with me, in a mixture which

is indescribable. In the midst of our deep conversation, in stalked the policeman, note-book in hand. "There's the *Muscro*," said he to me, aside. All eyes were turned on him, and with an expression of such hatred as I have rarely seen. Sabina said to me: "My God, they ought never to be here!" The storm, however, passed over, and we resumed our conversation.

Havelock Ellis was born in Croydon, Surrey, February 2, 1859; he was the son of adventurous parents, sea-faring families, which certainly counts for much in the life of one of the most significantly philosophical minds of the present day. He went round the world with his father when he was a mere child; at the age of six he was taken by his father from Callao to spend the day in Lima, the capital of Peru. This, the first great foreign city he had seen, made an ineffaceable impression on his memory. The first profession of his youth was teaching; he became a teacher of wild youths in New South Wales, Australia, where he lived from 1875 to 1877. On his return to England he walked the hospitals and became qualified as a medical man, which he practised for only a short period, before he began his life work: literary and scientific investigations.

Ellis tells me that the first edition of the six volumes of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" appeared in German (having been refused by several London scientific and medical publishers in 1896); in 1897 and 1898 the first two volumes were published in London, in 1898 the absurd Bedborough trial took place. The publication was transferred to the F. A. Davis Co. of Philadelphia, and the volumes were published at in-

tervals until 1910, when "Sex Relation to Society," the most important of the series, appeared. New and revised editions have since been issued. The "Studies" have been translated, in whole or in part, into German, French (by the influence of Gourmont, the *Mercur de France* having refused to take them up), Spanish, Italian, Russian and Dutch. "Men and Women" (1894) was a kind of introduction to the "Studies."

Havelock Ellis occupies a curious position among contemporary writers; he is not quite a man of letters nor entirely a man of science, and he has many of the merits, as well as certain of the faults, of both. Criticism, to him, is a branch of anthropology; but then, to him, anthropology means much more than it means to most people. It means, in short, the whole art, science and fact of life; and to this great problem, life as expressed in literature, he comes with an equipment of culture which few other critics of the day can boast of. He shows himself in "Affirmations" and in "The New Spirit," a cautious student of the literature of most times and nations; and in these books and in scattered essays, a student also of painting and of music, a traveler and an observer. Caring chiefly to consider literature on that side which seems to appeal most intimately to the present, he is as conscious of tradition as the most conservative of critics, and it is almost a prejudice with him to be entirely without prejudice. "In this book," he writes in the preface to "Affirmations,"

on those sides which suit my own pleasure, and I select them solely because they do that so well.

The book contains five essays, on Nietzsche, Casanova, Zola, Huysmans and "St. Francis and Others." The last is a kind of epilogue, perhaps the best piece of writing in the book, a summing-up of many questions, scarcely in any sense literary; the others are not merely, as the preface might lead us to imagine, excuses for discussion, essays round about writers, but minute and elaborate studies of Nietzsche the philosopher, Casanova the memoir-writer, Zola the novelist, and Huysmans the artist in prose. They are more than this, if you like; but they are never less. And they have that fine, in England that rare, quality of being essays about literature which are not, in the bad sense, literary. There is little excuse for writing any more books merely about books (except as handbooks and histories of literature, which have their educational value). What must always be worth writing about is literature in its relation to general ideas and in its relation to life. There we have a chance of making something which, in its turn, shall be literature; or, if not literature, at least a useful and entertaining branch of anthropology.

The study of Zola, though it contains some good passages, is the least interesting and the least novel of these essays. In Huysmans, Ellis has a more congenial subject, and his analysis of that singularly instructive career reminds one of those "essays in contemporary psychology" which Bourget wrote with so learned an insight into the soul of literature before attempting his vague, tedious and irrelevant incursions into the souls of people in society.

I deal with questions of life as they are expressed in literature, or as they are suggested by literature. Throughout I am discussing morality as revealed or disguised by literature. I may not care, indeed, to pervert my subjects in order to emphasize my opinions, but I frankly take my subjects chiefly

It is a study of the whole origin and tendencies of the art of Huysmans, in which a subject discussed in one of those very essays of Bourget, the essay on Baudelaire, is taken up and carried further: the much misunderstood question of decadence in art. In Casanova, Ellis has a still more congenial subject, and his essay on Casanova will delight every reasonable reader of the most entertaining memoirs in the world, and duly scandalize every one who has been foolishly scandalized by Casanova. No writer before Ellis has ever done anything like justice to Casanova. Even the Goncourts, in their studies of the eighteenth century, but rarely refer to him; John Addington Symonds mentions him slightly in introducing the inconceivably inferior Carlo Gozzi; even now there are people who think the memoirs were written by Stendhal, as there are people who think Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon; and for the most part, serious persons are as shy of referring to Casanova as if he were a pornographic writer for private subscribers only. Ellis, therefore, comes forward almost as a discoverer; and he comes forward declaring with justifiable confidence that here is "one of the great autobiographical revelations which the ages have left us, with Augustine's, Cellini's, Rousseau's, of its own kind supreme." It is scarcely too much to say that his essay is more than a statement, it is a proof, of the supremacy of Casanova; and it is in one of those apparent paradoxes which, carefully considered, are full of fundamental truth, that he reminds us of the particular service—that "athletics of the emotions"—which we can derive from the particular quality of these memoirs.

In what might be called objective qualities the essay on Nietzsche is no doubt the most valuable of Ellis's essays. It is a subtle interpretation, at once statement and commentary, of a philosopher of our day.

There remains the final paper on "St. Francis and Others," and here Ellis sums up, with an admirable serenity, an absolute freedom from those ideals which at one time threatened to absorb him, his general conclusions on the questions of progress, civilization and the arts of life. "Not energy," Ellis reminds us,

even when it shows itself in the blind fury of righteousness, suffices to make civilization, but sincerity, intelligence, sympathy, grace, and all those subtle amenities which go to what we call, perhaps imperfectly enough, humanity—therein more truly lie the virtues of fine living.

And he defines his own gospel, that tolerant gospel of trust in nature, and of impartial trust in nature, which we can never have preached too often, in a characteristic paragraph.

We waste so much of our time on the things that are not truly essential, worrying ourselves and others. Only one thing is really needful, whether with this man we say "Seek first the kingdom of heaven," or with that "Make to yourself a perfect body." It matters little, because He who points to the kingdom of heaven came eating and drinking, the friend of publicans and sinners; and he who pointed to the body sought solitude and the keenest spiritual austerity. The body includes the soul, and the kingdom of heaven includes the body. The one thing needful is to seek wisely the fullest organic satisfaction. The more closely we cling to that which satisfies the deepest craving of the organism, the more gladly we shall let fall the intolerable burden of restraints and licenses which are not required for fine living. "The true ascetic counts nothing his own save only his harp." It is best to feel light and elate, free in every limb. Every man may have his burden to bear; let him only beware that he bears no burden which is not a joy to carry. If a man cannot sing as he carries his cross he had better drop it.

I have inherited from Baudelaire a horror of newspapers: the news rarely amuse me and the hideous print makes one's fingers dirty. Still, not without a strain of cruelty in my blood, I avert my eyes when by chance I read of criminal assaults upon children, or other criminal cases. I agree with what Ellis says: "What is the thirst for alcohol and morphia and all the poisons of the apothecary compared with the soul-destroying thirst for the poison of laws?" I have always considered "Madame Bovary" the most perfect novel ever written; flawless in conception as in style; tragic and passionate and consummate. I find on a page of Ellis's "Impressions and Comments" exactly what I have thought before I read those sentences:

"She corrupted him from beyond the grave." Those words of Flaubert's concerning Charles Bovary have always seemed to me to record a profound insight. The fundamental fact is the power, the heightened power, which those whom we love possess when they are dead.

I find to my amusement, that I was the culprit who showed Ellis the obscene *Sonneti Lussuriosi* of Aretino; they do not deserve their reputation; for, as obscenity has its place in life as in art, there need be no objection to obscenity as obscenity; neither in Rodin nor in Rabelais. At school we are obliged to read "expurgated" texts of the classics; which not only makes one's spirit revolt against these restrictions; they drive us to read them in the originals. I wanted to read Byron's "Don Juan," but I never, at that time, suc-

ceeded in finding an edition immodest enough to contain it.

It has been rightly said: "Havelock Ellis's attitude to Sex and to Woman is the attitude of the future man to the future woman." In the woods of Australia he began to read the prose of James Hinton, and at sixteen serious doubts in regard to himself and the universe assailed him; doubts at that age inevitable, until one's youth having realized all that youth means to us begins to realize that the Universe is a living *whole*; a belief, certainly, as ancient as the World's foundations. Zoroaster said: "Poetry is apparent pictures of unapparent realities," a statement which is primarily symbolical and not dramatic. There is much in the romantic attitude of mere wonder; what in Cyril Tourneur remains angry wonder becomes in Shakespeare a divine certainty. The greatest poets, the greatest visionaries, have always seen clearly; when they have seen farthest, as with Dante Alighieri, when he saw Hell and Heaven, they have seen without wonder.

Now whatever belief or unbelief there may be in Ellis, these were the roots of his *Studies of the Criminal*, the *Man of Genius*, the *Abnormal*. Traded at the time of his trial as being obscene, as obscene as his books on Sex, he defended himself in almost a Miltonic fashion. There is nothing obscene in Sex as Sex; Sex is no more immoral than Nature. Both can become immoral and obscene; as in the grossly sexual thing that is birth, as in the brutally physical thing that is death.

Two Poems

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

OLD ACTOR

Any minor poet can claim
That his subject resembles music.
("Her steps were notes of music."
"His presence was like a song.")
You are like a long-neglected
Instrument from which the player,
With over-confident lips, blows only
A jet of dust that falls upon
The damp chagrin of his face.
Moist from the futile effort
He asks his listeners to admire
Imaginary notes.
They clap their hands, and he must retire
To the slow digesting of his lie.
Old actor, you have finished reciting Hamlet;
Your pennies are gathered; and you depart
From the velvet noise of the restaurant.

IMAGINARY PEOPLE

To hide your isolation you become
Tame and loquacious, bowing to the men
Who bring you ornaments and poverties.
Your cryptic melancholy dwindles then,
Solved by the distant contrast of your words.
Your loneliness, with an amused relief,
Sits listening to your volubility
And idling with an enervated grief.
The play does not begin until you say
Your last "good-night," for you have only made
A swindled fantasy regain its parts.
Throughout the night you held an unseen blade
Upon your lap and trifled with its hilt,
And now you lift it with submissive dread.
Should you attack your loneliness and grief
Now that they are asleep? You shake your head.

The Renaissance of the Vieux Carré

By T. P. THOMPSON

FOR the benefit of the uninitiated, "Vieux Carré" as it is now called, is a traditional term used to indicate the oldest part of the present city of New Orleans—*Cité la plus ancienne partie d'une Ville*.

As named by 'Sieur Bienville in 1718 it was *Nouvelle Orléans* and for nearly a century, this small parallelogram bounded today by Canal, Rampart, Esplanade and the River, included all there was of the capital of the Province of Louisiana, a territory which originally extended from the Alleghanies to the Rockies—New York to Wyoming!

The *Vieux Carré* until the time of the laying out of the Esplanade—some eighty years ago, had within its precincts all the town houses of the wealthy. The most aristocratic of the Creoles lived on the second floors of the shops abutting today on Royal street, the Colonial residence street of the *ancien cité*.

Many of the cross streets near Royal were also occupied by the fashionables. With the opening of the Esplanade and the suburban Grande Route St. John (a settlement of country villas before the Civil War), there was quite an exodus into the open country, and to the *faux-bourgs*, St. Marie and Marigny.

Madame, the Baroness Pontalba, who had lived abroad for many years, about this time returned to her native city with a lengthy experience got by living in the beautiful city of Paris. She was the daughter of Almonaster y Roas, who had donated the Cathedral and Cabildo

to Church and State respectively. This wealthy lady whose local patrimony was principally vested in grants on either side of the Place d'Armes, became alarmed at the increasing growth of *fauxbourgs* away from the ancient square.

Madame Pontalba proposed to the municipality to embellish the old Place d'Armes into a *parterre*, to enclose it and to erect on either side magnificent apartments; if she could be assured that a permanent memorial could be guaranteed this elaborated civic center, and that the government would care for and perpetuate the dignity she proposed giving to that focal point of the future great metropolis.

Madame was true to her promises even to the extent of subscribing liberally towards the Jackson equestrian statue. The Pontalba Terraces which were erected shortly, became at once the fashionable and artistic locale of the intellectuals of "Before the War."

Henry Clay, the distinguished Kentuckian, spent many winter months in New Orleans and it was he who laid the corner stone to the Jackson Memorial, renaming the old *Place* — Jackson Square.

Today this ancient French Quarter—these old environs with their several examples of Spanish, French and composite Colonial architecture, are gradually by new travail being rediscovered, restored, and re-exploited. Just as interesting furniture for our drawing rooms is being brought down from the

attics of our forefathers, so too, has this almost submerged and recently be-draggled group of early buildings been lately rescued by the curators of the State Museum. The Cathedral was also saved from ruin, having been restored recently by a prominent New Orleans banker, and now the Pontalba apartments, after treatment, are being introduced to our own *dilletanti*. There is probably no other place in the Western World, unless it be Quebec or the City of Mexico, that carries so much of the atmosphere of romance and history in its object matter: The picturesque architecture, the narrow streets, the old square,—all are reminiscent of two European dominations, modified by the American engineers, Gallier and Latrobe, during the early nineteenth century—all, collectively and individually, have become a museum of Franco-Spanish colonial houses.

There is probably no *revue* to be had in any other city of such variety and interest as may be noted in a walk down Royal or Bourbon street. Only ten minutes apart are a twenty-three story office structure, 1922, and a house built by John Law for the Ursulines in 1727. The walls of this last "two-story and attic" building are thicker through than the lower floor of the Hibernia Bank; both have beauty, representing as they do the best thought of the moment.

Six generations of people have passed into the beyond since the Convent building was finished, but the adze-hewn stairway in the ancient house on Chartres street today is a masterpiece not to be improved upon in the idea conveyed, and the honest blacksmith's hand-rail has survived the use of more people than are left here to enjoy the

new skyline of modern "uptown" New Orleans.

The appeal of the "old master" is in every stone, brick and balcony of Bienville's *ancien cité*, and this lure brings to the surface the latest reverence that all thinking men accord the pioneer who with crude tools tried his best to add his mite to the beauty and comfort of his part of the world.

The rebirth of interest in Colonial Nouvelle Orléans perhaps was brought about largely by the keen appreciation that visitors from away always give to the *Vieux Carré*.

A few years ago a "Jackson Square cigar" was the only testimonial of local regard for this ancient square. Later a brewing concern borrowed the slogan. Pawnbrokers had moved into the abandoned bank buildings, junk shops and old furniture men, and a few old book shops were all that it seemed to contain just twenty years ago.

The new courthouse was built—a mixed blessing, eclipsing everything into obscurity, incidentally, however, leaving vacant the Cabildo and Presbytere for Museum use. May I say that at last the new day seems dawning and New Orleans has gone up into its garret and is pulling down the best that it has in the way of sentimental worth. Today we can say the ante-bellum grandeur of the early fifties is likely to be reproduced by a post-bellum culture probably aroused by the world's latest conflict, and an eminent desire to enjoy that freedom of intercourse which the Bohemian atmosphere of the old Square seems to inspire.

If the rendezvous happens to be St. Charles Hotel III, occupying today the

site of the first St. Charles, erected eighty-six years ago, surmounted then by a dome-shaped temple, fashioned after St. Peter's—a tradition continued by the Hibernia office structure. If this be the rendezvous, we will assemble and trail our guide for a walk through the 1922 *Vieux Carré*. Following the compass, we will of necessity travel due north down St. Charles street to Canal street (the original canal site), across to Royal (rue Royale), which enters the old city, and into the midway artery of traffic for the fourteen blocks that follow.

Royal Street with its restaurants, auction marts, antique shops and book stalls, welcomes us like a friendly old man. We may cross it back and forth with little effort, it being but thirty feet from curb to curb.

"Merchant's Exchange," the original postoffice when mails were sent by boats and postboys, flanks our right. "Sazerac" is the name over the door, but the birth place of the cocktail is now so changed that even the odor no longer hangs about it.

Following past this century old post-office building are the banking houses of the early half of the nineteenth century. There were three local banks occupying their own structures—the *Banque de la Louisiane* 1804, the Louisiana Bank 1818, and the Louisiana State Bank of a slightly later date. These pioneer institutions were experimental and were chartered for brief lives, the charter of the *Banque de la Louisiane*, later the home of Paul Morphy, was written to extend its activity but twenty years. The *Banque* liquidated at the end of its official life and another financial coterie then started the Louisiana.

Thomas Jefferson's United States branch bank (1804) occupied its own building, standing today at the corner of Conti and Royal. The great bulk of the new courthouse seems out of place right opposite, for contrasting purposes, however, it may perform an office, for many people have to be shown opposing pictures that their veneration be aroused.

The splendid facade of the Palace of Justice has a panorama immediately across the way of a half a dozen architectural relics of ancient days. In the centre of this square is the renovated and beautifully restored *Maison Morphy* containing in its ensemble everything that the ante-bellum aristocrat might arrange for his comfort. The passage through the *porte-cochere* ushers you past a grand staircase and on into the courtyard, a quaintly picturesque old-fashioned garden with magnolia trees that were planted before the Battle of New Orleans; with vines and palms and shrubbery, perhaps just as it was when Stephen Zachary, the *Banque's* cashier more than a century since, carefully watered and trimmed it. For Zachary lived over the bank, and his customers from the parishes were wont to sip a *Ruffignac* in this coolest spot of downtown of old New Orleans.

Mrs. Jeanne Castellanos, a descendant of Spanish cabelleros who is herself "to the 'manor' born," has graciously proffered herself as hostess for this quaintest of hostelrys, Patio Royal, and fortunately so for the atmosphere of our Paris of America.

In this same Morphy house is an interesting book shop conducted by Mrs. Rosalie Nixon, the walls of which are hung with early *objets d'art*. There is

also a French lingerie corner presided over by Madame Ida Burgueires with true Parisian grace. Thus is impersonated in this one establishment the three civilizations that composed our ante bellum society.

Going along further down on the same side is the Spanish Commanderia, O'Reilly's, Headquarters (1769); next the poet John McClure's Olde Booke Shoppe (present day); many curio and antique furniture stores; a taxidermy studio; Miss Wilkinson's art-antique furnishings; the Green Shutter Tea Room; Sieur George's House (Cable) where the first sky-scraper (three-story) was built in 1819. We turn this corner to reach the Cabildo. On the way is Perretti's Studio; Flo Field's sanctum; the Arts and Crafts Club; the Louisiana Museum of History (Cabildo 1794); the Cathedral (1718-1796); the Presbyteré (1718-1811); the Quartier Club and Tea Room, Mrs. Elizabeth Werlein, president; Pontalba Buildings; *Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré*; the French Market; *Place d'Armes* (1718), now Jackson Square, containing an equestrian statue of "Old Hickory"; the Upper Pontalba Flats with numerous shops and studios: Odiorne's print-room, Atelier Pontalba, Moses' studio, a plastic artist, etc.

Having now squared the old parade-ground—we may linger and note the classical garden surrounded by a beautiful art iron fence with gateways illumined by lamps of the gas age.

Turn now into St. Anthony's alley alongside the Cathedral. Be sure to enter the side portal of the ancient church and view its medieval nave and altar, the inscribed grave stones of Marigny and Roxas, early grandees. Say a

prayer for the perpetuation of these heirlooms—that others besides Mr. W. R. Irby may also help in their preservation, that public sentiment—now growing—be concentrated on forcing the authorities to open the river view before the centennial anniversary of Lafayette's visit two years from now.

In St. Anthony's place is the quaint four-story home of a group of regulars—Bohemians who like the atmosphere sufficiently to pay it the tribute of residing there in the shadow of the Cathedral. Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. McClure and many more are now located near the ancient hermitage of Père Antoine. History repeats; the present pastor of the Cathedral Church is also *Père Antoine*, an Oblate Father.

The shops around about sell religious goods, statuary is carved. Antique wood work, iron balustrades may be ordered. Beyond on *Rue d'Orleans* is the old Quadroon ballroom, today a colored convent, with the Holy Name Sisters in charge, a wonderful transformation of service for this ancient theatre and ball room, but such changes of usage are but the fruits of time. Three generations ago the garden behind the Cathedral was the sanguinary meeting place of the impromptu duelist, who then carried a weapon on his hip more fatal perhaps than that carried by the hot-blood of today.

The romance of much of this may be gleaned from Mr. Henry Castellanos' book on New Orleans and the "Historical Sketch Book," contributed to by Lafcadio Hearn, Norman Walker and George W. Cable. Either may be had in any shop—Lloyd's or Julian's or Alexander Hay's, if you have not al-

ready satisfied your needs at the Maison Morphy.

The real sportsmen in Bohemia like Helen Pitkin Schertz and Flo Field dig out their romances of ancient houses and sites, explore and chat with the habitants for traditions, etc.

Ask to be shown the following: Audubon's Studio; Bienville's house; the Old Absinthe Cafe; Antoine's; Maspero's Exchange; the Beauregard House; the Napoleon House; Home of Judah Touro; Madame John's Legacy; Jean Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop; the Calabozo; the Spanish Arsenal; the Mint on the site of old Fort St. Charles. Note also the slave quarters in the rear of the old Ursulines Convent.

This, however, is not intended as a guide, but rather as an appetizer, an antique-anisette that may probably

stimulate others to come down for a walk. You should not ride, through the newly rediscovered Quartier—a village that existed with cabarets and Opera “n everything” they had in Paris, before Chicago or San Francisco were thought of; when New York was a colonial town occupying a few squares along the Bowery and a short piece down Broadway to the Battery.

The Missions of California were not yet erected when Bienville built the Convent of the Ursulines. The river was here but nothing that has been built on its banks or those of its tributaries existed when two hundred years ago *Nouvelle Orléans* was the governor's residence—the provincial capital for that vast territory between Lakes Chataqua and Yellowstone, containing to-day 50,000,000 people—*Vive le Vieux Carré!*

The Last Night

By JAMES FEIBLEMAN

Some day when each brave heart I've loved in turn
 Goes the old way and life is desolate,
 I think that one in silence will return
 To the dead haunts and forms she knew of late.
 There will be for her pleasant paths to go
 And a quick friend she could not know of old,
 But, seeing now, the phantom world will glow,
 Tremble and start...and suddenly turn cold...
 Fond shade—there will be welcome for you here;
 Within the lonely boundary of walls
 Most anxious, he will listen with thin fear,
 All frightened, for remembered soft foot-falls.
 So filling the dull gloom with a keen past
 The night will go; and this will be his last.

Or Forever After

By ROBERT MAGUIRE

WHEN Emma Mooney whispered to her brother, Rus, that she had accepted his friend, Dick Potter, he did not shake her hand the way her father had heartily shaken it. Nor did he smile.

"Ain't you glad, Rus?" she asked softly, her eyes glistening.

He vouchsafed no answer, but gazed through the kitchen window at the backs of the neighbors' frame houses illuminated by the yellow light from the alley lamp-post.

And then, without glancing at his sister, he brushed by her and into the dining room.

"I'll let you know later" Rus muttered, and Emma couldn't understand at all why he said it. So she complained about it later to her mother and her mother, in turn, complained about it to the elder Mooney. But neither of the parents fathomed the mystery of their son's unaccustomed and eloquent reticence.

As soon as Rus came to the point of reaching a decision, he walked over to Tycoon Social to have it out with Dick Potter, and found him at one end of the long, low-ceilinged room, playing cards with three other men of their mutual acquaintance. Local etiquette didn't demand that club members greet each other and Rus bided his time behind Dick's chair until the hand was played out. When the elliptical card parlance boiled over into laughing chatter that announced the conclusion of the game, he quietly told Dick that he wanted to

talk with him "private." Somewhat surprised, Dick followed Rus to the other end of the room.

The two young men sat at a little round table underneath a row of gaudy magazine pictures pasted on the cracked wall. Rus, checkered cap on the back of his head, rested one elbow on his knee and leaned over the table toward Dick.

"Dick," he said in a low confidential voice, "you can't marry Emma."

Whatever his friend expected to hear, it wasn't that. For a number of seconds no words came.

"What d'you say?" he eventually asked and stupidly. He was a heavy-fisted young man with a jutting jaw.

"I said," repeated Rus firmly, "you can't marry my sister, Emma."

Dick simpered and rolled about on his chair. He eased his soft hat on his head.

"What's the joke?"

"'Tain't a joke, Dick. I mean it." And as if to place further emphasis on his words, Rus reached over the table and lay his hand on Dick's arm.

"But we're engaged." Dick presented his irrefutable evidence as a lawyer might, leaning back to watch the effect.

"I know," returned Rus doggedly, "but that don't go!"

"I'd like to know why the hell not! Did Em say it didn't?"

Rus glanced over toward the men at their game on the other side of the club room.

"Not so loud," he warned. "No, she

didn't say so. This ain't nobody's business on'y yours an' mine. An' I say you can't marry my sister!"

Dick settled back in his chair and stuck his hands deep into his trousers' pockets. He looked at his prospective brother-in-law through half-closed eyes.

"Well, go on now," he invited, "you tell me why."

"Because..." began Emma's brother, and stopped. His eyes wavered from Dick's. "You know...I don't have to tell you."

"Ain't I good enough for you an' the rest o' the family?"

The young man gulped. Dick put the matter too baldly.

"I guess you ain't, Dick." Rus shook his head sadly. "The rest don't have any idear. But I do. You oughta know what I...you know what, Dick...and, doggone, I'm her brother."

Another moment of silence.

"Skirts?" The question from Dick carried the nice suggestion of a sneer, and Rus nodded his head reluctantly, ashamed to give an importance to so strange a reason.

"You ain't said nothin' there, Rus." Dick half doubted whether he had heard clearly. "I'm a man, ain't I?"

"I know," weakly admitted the younger one. "But when it's your own sister, it's different. An' I can't have for you to marry her."

The old clock beside the broken vase on the mantelpiece ticked out life's seconds. The men at the other end of the room barked over their cards.

As though the pause indicated that he was losing ground, Rus said once more, not very forcibly but with ingratiating insistence,

"You see why you can't marry her... Dick?"

But Dick didn't see. He sat straight up in his chair, and his fist went to the table.

"I'll marry her awright!" he cried, and his abrupt answer jolted the brother to desperation.

"Then," and Rus coughed the hoarseness out of his voice, "I'll have to tell her what you been doin' with other women an' she won't marry you!"

They stared at each other; Rus, agitated and flushed. Dick measured his friend for an enigmatic minute that had a touch of eternity about it for Rus.

"See here, Rus." Dick cleared decks for reason. "Ain't you gona marry Ella Waters some day...?" He waited for Rus's puzzled "Yeh." "Well, you ain't no better'n me. That's somepin I don't have to tell you. An' I warn you," Dick pointed a thick finger at Rus's chest, "an' I don't like to do it, but if you peach on me, turn aroun's fair play, an' I'll do the same by you!"

The eyes of Emma's brother went wide.

"You won't!" he gasped.

"I'd like to know why not?"

"Ella ain't your sister..."

Dick meditated over that point. Ella *wasn't* anything to him.

"Can't see it's any different," he concluded, however feebly. "Anyways," he added, "where's they any other men any better'n us? An' even if Emma—say! looka here, Rus! How do you know the girls ain't been foolin' aroun' with other men like you have with other women?"

Rus jumped from his chair.

"What d'you mean?" he cried, forgetting the rest of the men in the room. His eyes burned fiercely into Dick's.

Dick hastily arose to placate his friend.

"Aw, come on, Rus. I didn't mean—"

"Did you mean my—?"

"God!... No, Rus!" Dick was dumfounded at the unworded suggestion that he had meant Emma. Emma was sweet and good. Dick had been speaking only in a general way about girls.

"Then you mean mine!" shouted Rus, impatient of any further explanation, and his fist flew at Dick's face and left it a red ruin.

Before he was able to follow it up with another blow, Dick grappled with him. The other club members, yelping their enthusiasm, deserted the card table to enjoy the welcome diversion.

Blood oozed from Dick's nose. He dashed the back of his hand across his face and lunged into Emma's brother with the grave purposefulness of a man mad. Not a word escaped his lips. His fists hammered Rus's face and chest cruelly. The raw smack-smack-smack of the blows carried to the ears of the spectators a sense of the crushing pain in them. Rus tried to clinch, but the larger man beat him off.

When Dick tripped over a chair, Rus leaped on top of him. And they rolled over the floor together in a welter of fists, dust and blood. But the battle ended soon. Rus collapsed. He suddenly lay dead to the blows Dick, in a blind frenzy, couldn't stop. Only when the men pulled Dick away, did he realize Rus was quite unconscious.

Dick stood over him panting, sweating, his hair rumpled and the blood smearing his shirt front. He waited so, hands tightly clenched...

Rus stirred and opened his eyes. He blinked up at the swaying figure.

"I still...mean what I...said, Dick. I'll blow!" Rus whispered.

Rus's swollen face dispelled any incredulity his family might have felt when news first came to them of the fight at Tycoon Social. The three lone witnesses started the news on its rounds, but they could shed no light on the cause of the clash. As one of the witnesses had said: firs' thing he knowed, Rus ups with "What d'you mean? What d'you mean?" and then gi's him a clout over the nose somethin' awful.

"Why did you go and fight Dick for?" Emma asked her brother at mealtime.

"None o' your business," was his surly reply and he kept his eyes to his plate.

"I guess it is my business." She appealed to the mother and the father. "Why don't you two make him act right? The neighbors is sayin' everything."

The inarticulate parents, whether shocked or surprised by the row, could not express adequately either their sensations or reproof. Mrs. Mooney faltered "They oughtn't to fought," and the father merely growled.

"You don't know what you're marryin'," Rus insisted.

"An' you're jes' mad 'cause he licked you," his sister hotly accused and drew a deeper red to Rus's bruised face.

"You won't marry him, though," he muttered.

"What you gona do to stop me?"

"You'll see..."

In defiance, Emma took particular care to quiet the neighbors with the announcement that, as had been previously arranged, the bridesmaid and the best man at her wedding would still be Ella Waters and her own brother, Rus.

Emma questioned her lover about the quarrel, but after she answered "No" to

his "Ain't Rus said nothin' to you?" Dick simply ignored the entire matter, so far as she could make out. Nevertheless, he watched her closely for any change in attitude toward him, and he lived circumspectly and not very happily the weeks intervening between the fight at Tycoon Social and the wedding day. He could never be certain what Rus might do, and his only defense was no defense at all, but an unsatisfactory reprisal that would blast Rus's prospects of a legitimate bed fellow if Rus blasted him. And Emma, herself, lived through these days in fear and trembling lest Rus at the last minute do something that would prove disastrous for Dick and for her. And her apprehension, like a contagion, spread to her mother and from her mother to her father. Rus continued in bad humor and refused to recognize Dick or to promise that he would act as best man at the wedding.

It had been arranged that the couple eat their wedding dinner with their families at the Mooney home and then proceed to the minister's and after the ceremony board the train for a short honeymoon upstate.

On the day of the wedding, the Mooney home was the scene of unwonted activity. Preparations for the dinner and the wedding following the dinner had been moving all the weeks under the threatening thundercloud of a wrath which yet endured. No one in either of the families with the exception of Dick Potter was acquainted with the secret of Rus's ill-temper; but they all of them kept an anxious eye on him. The Potter family had not learned definitely as had the Mooney family, that Rus, for some reason or other, deprecated the approaching union. But Mr.

and Mrs. Potter, in the privacy of their bedroom, deplored the "words" and suspected that no good could ever come of blows between members of two families soon to be knitted more closely together by the bonds of matrimony. Too well aware of their son's antagonism, the Mooney's presentiment of evil was so much the more aggravated because they strongly suspected a sinister something lurking behind his antagonism; aggravated to a still more irritating degree because they could not discover the secret.

Just before the Potters arrived for the bridal dinner, Emma hurried hopefully to her brother's room. She wore a high-waisted frock of white and the happiness of anticipation glowed in her cheeks.

She circled her arms around her brother's neck.

"Rus, you want your ol' sister to be happy, don't you?" she asked with a provocative wistfulness and he had to turn his head away to hide the twitching of his lips.

"Sure, sis," he mumbled.

"Then don't do nothing to spoil my nice dinner, will you? An' please make up with Dick. He's gona be my husband."

"Don't marry him," Rus said; and it wasn't an injunction; it was a request, a prayer.

"Why?" she begged; and because he refused to say why, Emma stamped out of the room.

His mother and father, too, came to see him a little later, but left without having dissipated any of the disorder that endangered the happiness of their home.

And Dick Potter, in a freshly pressed black suit and shiny shoes, sneaked up

to the room, after he had escorted his parents into the presence of the Moonneys. He found Rus sitting in his rocker. Rus had dressed himself in his gala best, but he still scowled.

"Remember, Rus," and Dick spoke with no heat, but clearly, making each word a knife point that stabbed into Rus's troubled consciousness, "you blow and I blow!"

When the bridal party sat down to the decorated table, Rus and Ella sat with them. The Moonneys breathed more freely after Rus entered the room. And although the lines of his face were severe and altogether dissociable, Emma beamed over at him gratefully. Dick, alone, hugged his fears.

"The kid," he thought, "might pull something right in the middle o' things. If he does, I'll kill him!" And Dick was desperately serious. He strained his attention to detect the slightest menacing move from Rus.

The diners settled themselves at the burdened table with spurts of embarrassed conversation. In anticipation of food, old man Mooney sucked his three good upper teeth; old man Potter tried to hide his embarrassment by relieving his throat of a congestion. He coughed behind a knotted pore-black hand, if only to show the house of Mooney that the house of Potter was not unaware of the social graces. Ella, a dainty morsel in pink, gazed dreamily at Emma whose maidenly troubles would, perhaps, soon be over. Rus, silent, and taking on a subtle red about the collar, inspected his plate. Although she smiled, as befitted her important relation to the festivities, Emma fitfully and with some solicitude glanced at her brother; and Dick, out

of the corner of his eye, regarded him with unabated suspicion.

Emma's mother and Dick's brought all the steaming platters to the table—chicken, succotash, spinach, potatoes—and took chairs beside their respective husbands, and Mrs. Mooney invited the folks to "help themselves," and, indulging in a whiff of nervous humor, added, "'Cause them what don't, gets left!" Old man Potter guffawed at that. "Tain't likely *I* will," he said archly, and roared again. "'Tain't likely *I* will," he repeated and, laughing loudly, looked quickly from one to the other at the table.

Just as the party set to, following Mrs. Mooney's advice, Rus pushed his chair back from the table.

"Wait!" he said, and rose to his feet. The eyes of the appalled diners turned to him. The veins of his red face swelled at the temples.

Emma trembled. The Moonneys stared at their son, their lower jaws hanging helplessly down. Dick clutched convulsively at his chair.

"Ladies an' genelman." Rus's fingers played with his coffee cup.

"If—if you do—!" Dick sputtered wildly and Rus directed his eyes at the bridegroom with high paternal tolerance.

"Ladies an' genelman," Rus resumed, "before we partake o' the victuals which we got here before us now in such perfusion, it would be most an' fittin' to—ah—"

Rus launched his introduction with a rush and a grand air and with entire self-possession, but once it was out, proper words followed slowly and pain-

fully. The red of his neck deepened and his skin glistened as he faced his apprehensive audience.

"It would be most an' fittin'," he continued, "to—ah—well—to—I'm not much of a speaker, ladies an'—"

"Dry up, Rus," commented Dick, whose courage increased with Rus's confusion.

"—genelmen, but I have allus an' at all times spoke very high o' Dick an' Emma—which I have allus took Dick to be my very best Christian friend, an' my thoughts have at all times been o'

the very highest for you—an'—I do appreciate a true friend an' a kind manly favor for which you allus an' at all times granted me—an' if I mus' say it meself, what oughtn't, I have allus—an' at all times—paid back them favors an' have the firs' man to gyp outa a penny or even reflect on my character or even insultin' insinuations for which I wish to perpose a toast for the new happy bride an' groom!"

Thereupon, Rus gallantly lifted high his cup of coffee and the relieved bridal party with hysteric gayety responded.

At Broad Bar

By MARTHA WEBSTER

I saw a wise sea-wife
 Washing a red
 Rough muffler for sea-wear
 And shaking her head,
 Grizzled, long wed,—

Murmuring, mumbling:
 "And now he must go;
 Comes fear on my heart
 Like foam on a bow,—
 But there, let him go—

"The stravaging wind seeks on the sea,
 And a boat is a chip,—
 The sea-drawn are eager
 To go in a ship—
 To come in a ship"—

I saw a bent sea-wife
 Go out, bonneted,
 To dry a wet muffler
 Of kelp-color red,
 Shaking her head.

Lafcadio Hearn and Denny Corcoran

By LUCILE RUTLAND

WITH the publication, in various languages, of hundreds of reviews, criticisms and books about Lafcadio Hearn, it would seem that the subject had been circumnavigated. Only—no subject ever is! For which reason, individual immortality seems almost an intellectual necessity,—to be waived only by the incurious.

The personal history, or the bodily presence, of a man may be "contemptible," as Paul puts it; but, in any event, they are both negligible. And the man survives, not because of them, but in spite of them. Yet, when the personality—that expression of the outer-man which Hearn, himself, declared to be "the ghost"—finds its irrevocable level in the dust, how do we assay that dust for the golden data of a great destiny!

Hearn's work served to frustrate his wish: "to be merely a handful of dust in a little earthen pot hid under the grass where no one knows." Personally, he was that handful of dust,—most perverse and puzzled dust, spirit-tossed from arctic to antarctic, from occident to orient lands; and most of the time "hid under the grass where no one knew." Even at the end, Japan, whose interpreter and protagonist he had become, suffered him to fare on to The Distant Country unrecognized and undecorated by national honors. So that Kiyoshi Hisada laments, "*Todai moto kinashi*" (the foot of the beacon is dark)!

Fathered by a Celt and mothered by a

Greek,—cradled among those Leucadian cliffs whence Sappho hurled her Phaon-ravished heart into the sea,—Hearn caught the white flash of Beauty embodied in her and followed it downward from many a cliff into what he called "the illusions and bewilderments of this beastly world." And his following of that white flash was so true and epic, (for he said "To lie about the beautiful is to lie about the Infinite Goodness") that now the dullest fact of his personal history glows like burning wood,—having the semblance of flame, if only the substance of ashes.

Possibly there was no more uneventful period in Hearn's life than the few comfortable years he spent in New Orleans, working for subsistence on the daily papers and boarding with Mrs. Courtney, who lived above a grocery on the corner of Gasquet and Robertson streets. Although it was there, in the two rooms that he occupied, that he wrote his first books: "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature" (dedicated to Page M. Baker); "Gombo Zhebes"; "Some Chinese Ghosts"; "Chita" (dedicated to Dr. Rodolfo Matas); and his wonderful series of translations from the French.

Hearn and this landlady became great friends ("both being Irish," as she boasted); and it proved to be one friendship, at least, to which he was faithful. He wrote to her from the West Indies and from Japan; wrote her when he married and when his children were

born. And during the years he boarded with her, whenever he left the city in search of literary material, he always wrote to her as he might have done to a mother.

One of these almost childlike letters to Mrs. Courtney is now in the possession of a votary of genius in New Orleans who knew members of the Hearn family in Dublin. It has none of the wonderful literary values of most of his published correspondence; and is reproduced here only by way of contrast, and as an instance of the unaffected sincerity of one of Hearn's hitherto unrecorded friendships:

Kranz's Hotel, Grand Isle, La.
Sunday Morning, July 18.

Dear Mrs. Courtney:-

You may be sure I opened your letter before I looked at all the rest of the mail; and you do not know how much I appreciated it. It was only disappointing in one thing—you did not tell me quite enough about yourself,—how you were, and how everything was; but I trust everything was all right.

As you dreamed, I ~~was~~ sick for three nights,—only neuralgia and malaria, however. That was unavoidable; I had to get acclimated. But now the bad weather is broken—all is blue light and bright water. I am getting stout, and quite brown; and there is no chance of my becoming sick again.

I hope you have not forgotten to send to Staub's for your papers,—according to the arrangement which I made with him. Be sure to take good care of yourself.

I had a dream about Ella the time I was sick,—thought she was talking to me. She seemed to be very nice and sweet, and delightfully lazy, too. Anyhow, I thought a good deal about her all the day after,—and hoped the dream was good luck for all of us. You see, I'm becoming quite superstitious.

Well, you will be pleased to hear that my work is getting beautifully into shape; I will profit well by this trip in a literary way. I am all the time receiving invitations from fishermen and visitors to take trips to queer wild places along the coast, where there are good subjects to write up. Then, I believe I am going to have good luck,—because you told me so; and you are my *Mascotte* indeed!

The shirts turned out better than I expected—particularly the white one. You told me to get white ones, and I am sorry I did not get them both white. But as it is, they do

very well; and save my white shirts. I hope you got both of my other letters. There is only a mail twice a week now, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The sea has become smooth again. At night it is all a blaze of fire. If you enter the water, circles of flame play around you, and when a fish passes it is like rubbing a match upon a wall. And the foam of the waves at night sparkles like tinder.

Most of the people now here are Jews. My Christian friends will soon go, too; but I feel I ought to take the benefit of the warm weather, and I have opportunities for study that I cannot afford to miss. If I should need anything later on, I won't fail to let you know; but just now I am well supplied with everything. Thanks for your care of Wannie...

With affectionate regards,

Lafcadio Hearn.

During the time that Hearn boarded with Mrs. Courtney, his most constant companion and friend was her big, burly brother, Dennis Corcoran, who had been a deputy sheriff and ward politician. Although the catholicity of Hearn's associations here is attested by his close friendship, also, with Dr. Matas, and with Page and Marion Baker (those princely editors of another day), it was with Dennis Corcoran, as friend and protector of his myopic wanderings, that he roamed the streets at night, or lounged on park benches, or explored dubious dens for their "atmosphere."

Now Denny, also, has found his level of dust,—or perhaps has followed on to The Distant Country for the sublimation he failed of here. But some time before he died, the votary of genius, who had known Hearn's family in Dublin, made brave pilgrimage to the alien purlieu of the New Basin to talk with him about Hearn.

"I ain't got nothin' to say!" said Denny, at first.

But the votary only smiled, and told him who she was.

That was another matter.

So, by way of apology, (while Denny's wife, obeying gruff orders, "dusted off a chair for the lady") he explained that a reporter had come to him for a story about Hearn, and had gone off with an involuntary picture of the victim of the interview,—snapped with his mouth open and no collar on! A shameless enough pose for even an Adonis (which Denny wasn't) and a humiliating hint, to obviate further betrayals, that "a shut mouth catches no flies"!

Then Denny, ignoring the greatness of Hearn (as a true friend should), proceeded unconsciously to corroborate Elizabeth Bisland's estimate of him as a good man.

"Why, he was good as a priest!" said Catholic Denny, "Honest and clean clear through! I know; for I went with him everywhere,—to sort of protect him on the sly; for some of the places he'd nose into for his writin' dope warn't healthy. But he never seemed to think of that. Though he useter often say to me, 'Denny, I'd give all the brains I've got for your strength.' After eatin' his dinner alone with his cat, he'd sometimes write all night; then go around mum an' glum the next day, as though he warnt all there. But other times he'd hang around my sister an' laugh an' talk with her like a little boy. Then he'd get my niece, Ella Courtney, to play an' sing for him,—though he didn't know a thing about music. Maybe that's why he liked Ella's playin'! But he knew every other blame thing in the world! He could talk in five languages then. Though somebody told me that a Yankee doctor wrote, in a book about Hearn, that he didn't even know French well! an' that he always

went back on all his friends! Well, here's one he never went back on. He always wrote to me, an' to my sister, too,—even after he went away to Japan. Wrote us from there when he married that Japanese girl,—an' when his baby was born. Yes, we kept all the letters. But when my sister died, Ella took them (all except one that I still happen to have) an' I don't know where they are now. I'll give you that one, if you'd like to have it. For now that my sister is dead, an' I'm sick, I'd like somebody to have it for a keepsake who really cares for Hearn. I'm sure the only reason he stopped writin' to me was because I stopped writin' to him. Not because I didn't love him an' want to hear from him,—but just because letter-writin'—like readin' books—always did come mighty hard to me. I wish I had some of his letters to give you that he made pictures on. He was a fine artist. He'd always walk around the statues in the parks an' show me the fine things about 'em. He liked that Benjamin Franklin statue in Lafayette Square; said it was a fine piece of work; an' worried because it was exposed to the weather. He loved pictures; nood ones—the nooder the better! (beggin' your pardon, Miss!) But that was because he was an artist an' looked at 'em—different.

"I was the cause of his goin' to the West Indies. You see—I'd got into a little trouble. An' my sister an' Hearn an' me was sittin' talkin' it over late one night,—the night it—happened. An' Hearn said, 'The best thing to do, Denny, is to get away at once. Go to the West Indies.' Then he sat still for awhile, like he was thinkin' hard; an' suddenly he jumped up an' said, 'Come

on, Denny,—I'll go with you to the West Indies!' It just floored us! But he did go with me; an' stayed there after I came back home; though I tried to make him see it wasn't healthy, an' no place for a white man. Down there he was always grabbin' my arm an' sayin': 'Look, Denny, —*look* at that sunset!' an' from all I hear, he made the whole world sit up an' look at them sunsets!"

Thus Denny Corcoran.

Of course, the value of his reminiscence is not found in its detail; but rather in its revelation of Hearn's good fortune in having one friend, at least, in his troubled life who compassed that perfection of fellowship that loves a man for what he is, and not for what he does.

While the votary and the antipodean

Denny were burning their incense reverently here in the South; while Elizabeth Bisland was burning her incense eloquently there in the North! while Dr. Gould was burning his incense corrosively in Philadelphia; while the Press was burning its incense judiciously on two continents; in far Okubo, the little Samurai wife of Lafcadio Hearn was burning her incense literally; before his poor picture kept on a Buddhist altar in his study.

If Catholic Denny could have stood beside her there "at the foot of the beacon," however much he may have deprecated the Buddha, he would have lighted another stick of incense for Hearn—and thrown in the sign of the Cross for good measure!

In The Patio

By LOUIS GILMORE

What you show
Leads one to imagine
The rest

It is not nice
To show so much
Or so little.

The Vieux-Colombier School For Poets

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE announcement that M. Jules Romaines would conduct courses in poetry technique at the school of the Theatre de Vieux-Colombier—courses designed to encourage and guide young writers in the creation of modern poetry, prose, drama—excited a wide diversity of comment in Paris. It took its place among the events of an otherwise not distinguished season. It gave room for much flippant conjecture.

Shades of Victor Hugo! The partisans of the untrammelled inspiration cry scandal. And what is worse, as one sardonic commentator has it, "the muse will no longer visit the pale young man in his tiny chamber without inquiring first of the concierge whether he is well versed in all the technical media and bears an authentic license from some high priest of Parnassus."

Jules Romaines, however, is not a person to be sneered at. He is a man of inordinate energy, and is at the same time one of those happy natures which participates in both the creative and the critical aspects of the intelligence. He will be remembered by Americans especially for his "La Vie Unanime," a volume of "unanimistic" poetry, and his "Mort de Quelqu'un," a novel which was published in English as "The Death of a Nobody." Romaines appeared on the literary scene, armed with what he deemed a unique "philosophico-aesthetic" doctrine. In him the gregarious or social instinct was apotheosized into a form of urban pantheism. His verses

and his prose were charged with the mysticism of contiguous forces in the psychic or physical structure of cities and crowds of lonely men, the rhythms of whose diverse existences pulsed in unison. For the drama, his propaganda said figuratively, we have always written of individuals; let us picture the play of larger forces, cities, armies in indirect conflict with each other. For the novel, why not begin after the hero has died, and trace the reverberations of his death in all their manifold aspects from first *tutti* to their very last echo?

Romaines created a furor, shortly before the war. People argued about *l'unanimisme* in cafes, pounded on tables, incurred enmities. Since the war, Jules Romaines and adherents such as Vildrac and Georges Chenneviere have been associated with the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise* group, a dominant and influential, but no longer insurgent position. His school, then? Was it to be "modern"? Yes, but not Dadaistic. Nearer to the center, it was thought than to the right, or to the left. He has always been a cerebral writer, at times the mechanism of his art being only too scantily concealed. But for these very reasons would he not be an excellent teacher of the young? "He has a nostalgia for teaching," someone said of him.

The bulletin of the Ecole du Vieux-Colombier had included (1) a *Cours de technique Poetique* embracing a general study of prosody, of the ancient, the

classical and the modern period, and (2) *travaux technique "poétique"* which involved analyses, demonstrations and exercises in all these forms. One could matriculate for both these courses at a cost of 330 francs, or approximately \$25. Consider Louis Untermeyer opening a school for poets in New York. Amy Lowell countering in Boston. Carl Sandburg (if one could imagine him in that capacity) donning an un-inhibiting cap and gown in Chicago. The possibilities are infinite and delicious.

I went to see M. Romaines several times at the Vieux-Colombier, with the intention as I told him of informing myself of his plans and communicating them to some part of the American public. There were several long talks, from which my memory translates the essential as best it can.

"This course, or school, if you wish, is simply to be a place where young writers may work together and develop definite laws of technique for themselves such as are to be found in every great age. To me, the great trouble with the literature of the Twentieth century has seemed to be the destructive or negative spirit which dominates it. We suffer the want of affirmations...

"There is a sharp division of camps, one faction accepting the traditions of the past and exemplifying them, the other rushing to extremes of anarchy with language and form. The same situation exists in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and in your country. I have traveled about Europe and spoken to young writers in almost every civilized country on the Continent, and heard the principles of ancient and classical literature opposed from every conceivable angle, but never any constructive utter-

ance, any definition of terms which would be acceptable to the artistic character of this age.

"No period," says M. Romaines, "can make any valuable contribution unless the discoveries and observations which are peculiar to it, are shaped into some positive form."

It is only too true. The young writers, as I have seen them here, feel themselves misunderstood. The older generation considers itself calumniated. Is it then as a great conciliator that Jules Romaines comes? The thought is disconcerting. There is some inherent quality of logic in the French language which transmits itself. Or have it the other way. M. Romaines reiterates the need of positive working principles in all the forms of writing.

The Greek dramatists did not create their rigidly-patterned drama by chance. The form developed by a process of fusion, and then crystalized into a system of laws, with which they were in complete harmony. Likewise the classical literature of Europe, the period of Dante to Ariosto in Italy, of Spenser to Pope in England, Corneille to Bossuet in France, which succeeded the traditions of antiquity. About the middle of the nineteenth century a movement of revolt against the established traditions in all of the arts began simultaneously in almost every civilized country. This movement of revolt, which was necessary for the formulation of new laws of art, has continued without cease to the present day. These are the grounds of M. Romaines.

"I believe that the destructive spirit has run its course, and that there is pressing need for a clear statement of values. In the confusion of directions,

there is too much danger of waste and lost time. Modern art is simply in a state of flux, or fusion. There is a monstrous wealth of material, but we must aid it to crystalize. The process of crystalization retains what is essential in the fused matter, while rejecting the dross and the waste. Here, we shall simply attempt to study modern literature from the point of view of the artisan, examine one work after another in detail, and wrest its methods, its craftsmanship. In this way expression could be given to whatever was positive in modern writings, precisions, working-principles could be gathered which would be the point of departure for the younger writers. This school has no dogma; it has an experimental method."

I begged to be granted a specific instance of the method in which material would be attacked.

"It is somewhat difficult to select some one example that will convey that," said M. Romain. "But let us take, in poetry, the innovations in technique that are characteristically modern. Vers-librism. This new technique has appeared at practically the same time in many countries, I mean the popular acceptance of it by large numbers of writers. There exists only a vague idea as to its restrictions and virtues. Good and bad verse is written with equal impunity. On the other hand, there is the school of poets who write in the classical tradition of formal meters and rhyme. The one has no standards of judgment; the other has that of the classical period. Vers-librism is endangered by the extreme licenses which many of its advocates practice. Has any one attacked the whole problem systematically with the view of de-

termining just what the technical scheme of the fine poetry written in this manner has been composed of? That is what we shall be doing here."

"But, is it really intended to 'teach' the young writers who come to this school? Are they actually to be instructed?"

"Yes and no. My collaborators and myself believe that in the process of such a course of researches and exercises an atmosphere develops which is extremely favorable to creative writing. It is an impersonal, empirical process, and by no means an attempt to advance my own theories of drama or of poetry."

"And what if no young men of genius come to your school?" I questioned anxiously. "What can be done with persons lacking an innate gift of, a natural sense of form?"

"That does seem to be a problem," M. Romain smiled. "But frankly, I believe that every age has its quota of talented men, or men of genius, if you will. The danger is greatest for them in the formative stage. There need for clarity and guidance is greatest. I beg you to understand that I am not taking the position of a *deus ex machina*, imposing my own theories upon the younger generation. This is to be a workshop where we shall compare ideas and sift values into some positive form. If we can create an atmosphere that is favorable to growth and investigation we shall have done much. Nothing can be done without talent, but talent, genius, is simply the raw material.

"Even if we develop no gifted writers, the influence of this house will reach others. The course, running through three years will be published in book form, such affirmations and dis-

coveries as it may make may possibly stimulate others to similar efforts. At any rate, there is an excellent chance to do some good, and we can surely do no more harm than has been done already."

The affair has its lighter side. I offer it for whatever it is worth. It has always been an open question to me whether every artist has not always been a little school unto himself. Jules Romains has the breath of the scientist in him. Read his manifestos of his firebrand stage. He is only forty now, but he is as balanced and rational a man as Jacques Copeau, whom you remem-

ber well. His recent play, "Cromeyre-le-Vieil" which was produced with much *éclat* at the Vieux-Colombier last spring, is an admirable example of deliberate artistic labor, faithful to the original design and theory.

And if we turn poetry over to the metaphysicians, and they find no positive principles upon which to base the affirmations, will the poets continue to be happy, having been thus betrayed? Will they ply their wicked negations? The younger writers in America are as much at fault in this wise as any of the others. M. Romains has promised not to neglect them.

Since You Love Beauty, O My Soul

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

Since you love beauty, o my soul,
I shall build a golden cross for you,
And stud it heavily with costly jewels—
The nails to pierce your palms and feet
Shall be of purest silver, sharp as swords,
The hands that drive them soft and white,
And covered with rings of rare designs—
The vinegar perfumed with the breath of lilies
Shall overbrim a cup of dazzling jade—
High priests shall throw dice, diamond-dotted
To win your silken robe,—
Since you love beauty, o my soul!

The Garret of Dreams

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

Pierrot, having taken a garret, once found
He had mislaid the rent.
Should the concierge sue,
What was he to do?
Move out,
Or stay in?
Shout
Aloud
To the crowd?
Or say to himself, with an impious grin,
That he must have been sent
By the goblins to give the place éclat, and free it of sin?
Wherewithin,
Beyond doubt,
Such abodes are too apt to abound.

A sort of a quaint ragged place,
Forgotten, forlorn,
Suggesting disgrace,
Was this for a poet to lease,
Much less to inhabit in peace.
Yet
Pierrot, being simply a poet half born
And half made,
Had somewhere to live,
In the absence of such as Pierrette,
And strive between days to forgive,
And forget.

Ah! strange as it seems,
He managed to dwell,
And sleep well,
In his garret of dreams.

Reviews

THE LITERARY TOUGH

Chicago Poems, Cornhuskers, Smoke and Steel.

By CARL SANDBURG

Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

SNOBBISHNESS is so characteristically an imperishable human trait, it is high time it came to be listed among the virtues. Even so universal an appreciation as the appreciation of literature is touched and tainted by this dry-rot of the critical attitude.

Last week I read a paragraph by Dr. Felix E. Schelling, Phi Beta Kappa senator or whatever those elders are called, and luminary of the Department of English, University of Pennsylvania. His statement in substance was a tilt of the academic nose. He declared that Carl Sandburg need trouble no one especially; that Carl Sandburg represented the intellectual Tough, and that we could ignore him as we can ignore the Tough on the streets. "...he is just a man who sets out to find ugly things and to tell about them in an ugly way."

Perhaps, Mr. Sandburg would thank me but little for being irritated by such dusting of sensitive hands; perhaps he would prefer that I forget Dr. Schelling and his dusting; perhaps Mr. Sandburg welcomes the name of Tough. I don't know. Better than that, I don't care. For the moment I am interested in that kind of snobbishness in more or less authoritative pedagogic circles which tilts a nose at any literary expression which does not very obviously carry on the tradition of dead and honored writers.

I suspect that Dr. Schelling spied the word "hog-butcher" and was shocked into a conviction which he could not change though he read every poem Carl Sandburg has ever written. We acquire our attitudes that way. Believing this, I reread Sandburg's three volumes, "Chicago Poems," "Cornhuskers," and "Smoke and Steel." I assumed that Dr. Schelling was willing to dust Sandburg off his hands because of the words Sandburg used and not because of his ideas and imagery. Consequently, if a poem held words or combinations of words like "traffic cops," "soup," "shoe leather," "Philadelphia," "mister," "coffee cups," "summer shirt sale," "scissors," "cheap at the price," words most pertinent to life but, to the professors, quite out of place in an emotional reflection of life, I checked off the poem as a tough-ugly poem.

The result was interesting. Out of the 441 poems in the three books, 199 were tough and 242 could not, I think, even by Dr. Schelling, be considered as tough. I tried to be careful. It frightened me, I was so careful. If a word suggested the least toughness, it threw out the entire poem. In "Chicago Poems," I learned that only 45 out of 101 were tough; in "Cornhuskers," 53 out of 103; in "Smoke and Steel," 104 out of 192. Mr. Sandburg seems to be growing tougher with each book; but my research shows him still on the side of the academic angels.

The point of the matter is, I think, this: it would be absurd for Mr. Sandburg to adopt a set of words foreign to the life he is attempting to express. It

is indicative of a rare sincerity that he courageously uses those very words which vitalize his images. And it is ridiculous for his admirers to apologize for him—and some of them do—because it is believed he sometimes writes under the influence of the “he-man” “eater-of-raw-meat” dramatization of his personality. I have the conviction that Mr. Sandburg writes just how it feels for him to be alive. As far as it is humanly possible, he uses those words which are for him the most expressive of his inspiration. And if his choice of words shocks the sensitive, it discloses not so much a lack in his ability to make poems as a limitation in the ability of the academically sensitive to read them.

Whatever the frock-coats think of the clothes Mr. Sandburg’s poems wear, there is in the heart of each of them, as Sherwood Anderson has suggested in a recent *Bookman*, the “sensitive, naive, hesitating Carl Sandburg, a Sandburg that hears the voice of the wind over the roofs of houses at night, a Sandburg that wanders often alone through grim city streets on winter nights,” a Sandburg that knows and loves his people and their cities. It smacks of an alopogy for what the literary touch-me-nots name the “hairy Sandburg,” to mention the “sensitive Sandburg.” But I am not apologetic. (Opposing for a moment an attitude, I am forced to divide a poet up.) In all of Mr. Sandburg’s poems, those which I like and those which I do not understand, I find the poet Sandburg—essentially the only Sandburg—gripped by indignation, sense of beauty, joy, grief. And that crystal quality of the penetrating poet-eyes, of the warm poet-heart, lifts him quite out of any torpid, heavy-shouldered, thick-necked

Tough class, whether he hog-butchers or waves a lily, whether he jingles “loose change” or whispers.

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

He writes the following personal picture in “Chicago Poet”. (This poem was checked out as tough on a number of counts, notably “looking-glass,” “Hello,” “locks his elbow,” etc.)

I saluted a nobody.
I saw him in a looking-glass.
He smiled—so did I.
He crumbled the skin on his forehead frowning—so did I.
Everything I did he did.
I said, “Hello, I know you.”
And I was a liar to say so.

Ah, this looking-glass man.
Liar, fool, dreamer, play-actor,
Soldier, dusty drinker of dust—
Ah, he will go with me
Down the dark stairway
When nobody else is looking,
When everybody else is gone.

He locks his elbow in mine,
I lose all—but not him.

Unfortunately, you see, for the hand-duster, Carl Sandburg is human, like the rest of us, too human for academic exclusiveness to welcome as poet; especially since, even as poet, he must talk like the particular kind of human being he is—his language so deeply a part of him, he can not change it to suit the conventions of the class-room, and do it honestly. Best of all, if he can, he defiantly refuses to change it for special occasions, for special ears.

Consequently, it seems to me, he be-

comes a kind of precious thing to people; because he is able to talk for them and in the words of their mouths. When people go hunting for an expression of those dreams and hopes and beauties they are less articulate over than "home and mother" conventionalities—and it is only a minority who ever do—I have an idea they can come to know Sandburg better than any other of today's poets. If they *try* to meet him. Hand-dusters—and it is painful that so many of them are in a position to present their attitudes to the gullible with as much authority as impunity—insinuate that he is a Tough—a literary Tough, not altogether the proper sort to meet. There is something grossly humorous about it, and something bitter.

In a trolley car, this Tough can see

Faces
Tired of wishes
Empty of dreams.

Remembering his city and a night,
this Tough can write "Lost":

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

"Choose," this Tough can cry:

The single clenched fist lifted and ready,
Or the open asking hand held out and waiting.
Choose:
For we meet by one or the other.

And not the very toughest is "Cool Tombs"; doubtless tough enough for Dr. Schelling. I am quoting it because it is the sort of poem that makes worrying

over Sandburg's tough words mere pettiness. It burns unmistakably out of a highly developed and richly sensitive personality, as, I believe, all his poems do:

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the
tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the
assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool
tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men
and Wall Street, cash and collateral
turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the
cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as
a red haw in November or a pawpaw in
May, did she wonder? does she remem-
ber . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes
and groceries, cheering a hero or throw-
ing confetti and blowing tin horns . . .
tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell
me if any get more than the lovers . . .
in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

WILLIAM LOEBER.

THE GREAT WAY

By HORACE FISH.

(Mitchell Kennerly, 1921.)

IF the publisher really believes all that he prints by way of introducing the author of this book, and has paid for it in accordance with such a belief, I feel towards him the deepest sense of commiseration.

If, contrarywise, he calculated that he could indulge safely in some press-agenting, thinking that the average reader would not know the difference anyway, then we have caught him most guiltily at it!

There are in certain sections of America—notably in New Orleans—many persons, Spanish-born or of Spanish extraction, who, I daresay, could have

taught Mr. Fish more about Spain, her language, her atmosphere, and her "sung-of girls" in one lecture than he apparently has been able to absorb in the many years we are told he spent gathering material for the monstrosity to which he has given birth—after "eight years" of travail.

Past experiences have made us skeptical about stories of Spain with so-called Spanish background or color, by Anglo-saxon writers. We have been invariably disappointed and chagrined by the fatuous attempts of the majority of these writers to describe or transcribe in English—or worse yet in what they think Spanish — characters, customs, idioms, and the other requirements of a "true-to-life" treatment of the subject, about which they knew as much as a printer's devil on a Czecho-Slovak country paper, could be expected to know of the life of the southern negro.

So, when one of my literary cronies mentioned "The Great Way" and the description of its author by the publisher, and expressed a wish that I review the book, I merely dismissed the matter with a weary smile.

But, a few days later, while reading "Pearson's" magazine for December, 1921, my eye was caught by a review of this same book by Frank Harris. As I have always respected—if not always agreed with—Mr. Harris' opinion about literary matters, the mere fact that he devoted a page and a half of his magazine to a review of "The Great Way," made me hasten to get the book lest I miss something worthy, or at least passable, because of my prejudices—however well founded.

My hopes were checked considerably when, in opening the book, I read the

obviously exaggerated opinion of the author's capacity, equipment, and past performances detailed by the publisher in his introduction. The assertion, for example, by the publisher, that Mr. Fish "has got beneath the skin of Spain as no American has ever succeeded in doing before," is unmitigated bunk. This we will endeavor to prove by showing that Mr. Fish does not know enough Spanish to have enabled him to acquire at first hand but the most superficial acquaintance with things Spanish.

Were I of a rash nature I should have been justified in throwing the book out the nearest window immediately after reading the "Prologo." To those of us who know Spanish, its various dialects and idioms, the "Prologo" denotes at once that the title of the book is an enormous blunder resulting from the author's ignorance of the Spanish language.

Mr. Fish—for the title and keynote of his book—translates into "The Great Way" the Spanish phrase "La Gran Via," which according to all canons of the Spanish language means *The Great Thoroughfare* and which no Spaniard—and much less one of the mental caliber of Dulce when we first meet her—would ever invest with any other meaning. The mistake becomes monumental when the author's subsequent and over-frequent, applications of the term imply its being a synonym for "life's highway"; "the long endless way"; "the tortuous road"; "the straight and narrow path"; "the via crucis of humanity"; "Sinclair Lewis' Main Street," and so on ad libitum. The result is that the applications, whether in Spanish or in English, in the majority of instances,

appear to have been fitted to the text by sledge-hammer blows and in some others appear as simply nonsensical when not ridiculous.

Despite this first and, may I say, capital evidence of the author's lack of understanding of the Spanish language; without which his subcutaneous explorations of Spain cannot have carried him very far, we proceed with the reading of the book with the expectation of perhaps finding something yet that might redeem his first *metida de pata*.

Vain hope! If in the matter of the title he "put his foot" quite deep, he sinks it to the garter, when, introducing the heroine, he tells us that she spoke *Castellano* and not the Spanish generally spoken in Andalusia; a most difficult and unlikely thing to achieve in Cadiz, even by those of gentle birth and fastidious education. Particularly in the environs in which we find Dulce; that is, in the society of *floristas*, *majas*, *chulos*, and other *tipos gaditanos*—that Mr. Fish omits to mention because they probably were not listed in his lexicon—her logical speech should have been *Caló*, a jargon used by Spanish tough characters generally and, specially, by those of Granada, Cadiz, Seville, and and other andalusian cities. Patently, the author did not go deep enough "under the skin" for that.

But here is a scream! Or—better yet—two screams in one single act: that of the accosting of José Luis—at the flower-vendor's stand—by Dulce, shortly after her arrival in Barcelona. Scream number one: the mistaking, and by Dulce, of a Mexican for an American. Even if we take the author's word—which goodness knows is rather difficult—as to José Luis' complexion and

appearance, any daughter or son of Spain, and of higher education than Dulce's at that, would instinctively have put him down as *un inglés* (an Englishman), the generic name applied by the Spanish to all Anglo-Saxon types. Scream number two: Dulce's greeting of José Luis in almost perfect English, at a moment of her career when, if she knew that language, the author had kept the fact—as well as how she had acquired the accomplishment—in deep secret.

However, I presume that the process of thinking whereby a Spanish street-walker is conceived capable of mastering foreign languages at an early age, is no more absurd than that which makes the same character, a few pages further, chatter glibly about saints by Murillo; and it may mean only that Mr. Fish got his dates mixed up, with the result that the heroine appears at the beginning of the story, to say and do things which she has no reason nor opportunity to learn until she has traveled much longer—and higher—in her *great thoroughfare*.

Another absurdity is the puzzling fact that, in some rare instances in the book, his characters exclaim—in correct Spanish—*Dios* (God), or *Dios mio* (my God) and then, in countless other instances, *Dio*, or *Dio mio*—which is correct Italian.

Furthermore, when Mr. Fish's characters talk Spanish, their Spanish is the conception of an English-thinking mind. When he endeavors to translate to us even the most ordinary Spanish term, he does it exactly as a school boy would while learning the first rudiments of a foreign language.

For instance, at the café, Dulce calls

the waiter with the expression of "*Hom-bre! Aquí!*" (Man! Here!). Such expressions are not Spanish; nor would they ever come to Spanish lips. What, under the circumstances, a Spanish person would cry is: "*Oiga! Camarero!*" (Listen! Waiter!)

Again, "The 'clean-boots' from the Continental." Now what could you make out of this if I did not explain that Mr. Fish, in his crass ignorance of the most rudimentary elements of Spanish speech, has taken the Spanish term *limpia-botas*, "boot cleaner", and, attempting to translate it, has twisted it into *botas-limpias*—which means "clean boots".

This is sheer absurdity. All the Spanish boot-blacks I have ever observed (a good many more than Mr. Fish has ever seen) went barefoot or, at most, wore much-torn and grimy *alpargatas*; that is, canvas shoes with soles of braided hemp.

I might proceed along, in the same tenor, picking Mr. Fish's book to pieces, but will spare my reader the torture of following me through its four hundred and eighty-two pages. Besides, I believe that the evidence adduced is sufficient to indicate that "The Great Way's" Spanish color is really a nondescript hue. Mr. Fish's apparent obsession to air his pseudo-intimacy with Spanish subjects places him in a ridiculous light; although his greater crime is that of having spoiled a magnificent idea by attempting to surround it with Spanish settings in the painting of which, I, at least, am fully satisfied, he is but a dauber.

Had he endeavored to develop the same plot with the help of characters from say New York's Bowery or Fris-

co's Barbary Coast, it is probable that he would have succeeded in turning out a commendable piece of literature. As it is, it is only a sorry hotch-potch, doubly objectionable because of the ill-founded claims of the publisher; and not a "great book," as it has seemed to Frank Harris.

JOSEPH W. BERENGHER.

AUTUMN

By ROBERT NATHAN

(Robert M. McBride & Co., N. Y., 1921.)

IF you read "Autumn," anticipating a tale of tightly woven episodes, great emotional complexities, and climaxes and anti-climaxes, you will be overjoyed to find yourself disappointed, and to find that you have been tricked and charmed.

"Autumn" is not a tale. It is rather a series of quiet, peaceful reflections—the reflections of the humble heart of an old New England schoolmaster—Mr. Jeminy. Mr. Jeminy is the author's Socrates, and you feel that all the incidents which occur in the book occur solely for the purpose of drawing Mr. Jeminy out, of making him think aloud so that we might eavesdrop, and wrap ourselves snugly in his yarn of wisdom. To find a young author today capable of forgetting his own tiresome insoluble complexes, capable of transcending life for even the brief space of one hundred and ninety-eight pages, is certainly promising. For this, if nothing else Mr. Nathan deserves great credit.

"Autumn" runs a smooth course, unruffled and serene. Mr. Jeminy thinks, but his thought is that of a mellowed, whimsical, simple soul, whose bias (if

he has any), makes him prefer as the best of life "to be poor, to be sad, and to be brave." But he never *insists* that you should be poor and sad and brave. He is rather like the old French philosopher, who preambles an exposition of his views by the remark "*Je ne propose rien, ne n'impose rien j'expose.*" Mr. Jeminy is so humble, in fact, that you fear lest the spelling match held in the dandelion field will fail of its purpose. You shudder lest Mr. Jeminy, perched among the dandelions like a robin "looking no more important, and not much wiser," will have an extreme attack of humility which will make him consider the spelling of "philosophical" an arbitrary matter.

"Autumn" presents the sensitivity of a true poet. It is fresh and fantastic and imaginative, and thanks be! something essentially simple and calm. Most young, modern authors are so contentious and complex. The author of "Autumn" seems to be prematurely old. I wonder if he cannot suggest some catalytic agent that will bring age to his contemporaries.

SOLINE BENJAMIN.

THE GANG

By JOSEPH ANTHONY
(Henry Holt & Co., 1921.)

MOST of the books sincerely written to picture the life of a boy have treated only those little miseries, if they have dealt in miseries

at all, which can be, and in the end usually are, healed with bread and jam. In "The Gang," Joseph Anthony has concerned himself not with the happinesses of youth, but with the griefs, toils and troubles in the young heart which in the older heart might readily be elevated into tragedy.

Harold Diamond, silent and thoughtful boy of twelve or thirteen, is not quite old enough to be admitted to the neighborhood gang. He still, because of his age, finds himself among the "kids." That pains him. His thoughtfulness and his rather keen enjoyment of books lead his parents and the neighbors continually to remind him that he is a good boy. That pains him, too.

He enters High School. His career there is abruptly terminated by his refusal to change a sentence in an English class essay. The more or less fatal sentence is "The adventurous newspaper reporter, traveling the streets of the city as lonesome as Robinson Crusoe, wandered about the topography." The more or less fatal word is "topography," whose sound pleased the boy's discriminating taste. A chain of painful events drives him to a newspaper office ready for work. The book ends, with Harold bright-eyed, his parents troubled, and the gang welcoming him.

The background of the story is New York. The characters are a variety of nationalities. Joseph Anthony has a sufficiently deft hand; and the episode of the gang fight, the intensely dramatic and surprising episode of the class in elocution, the characters of the high-strung Yiddish father of Harold, of Harold's very wise and very tolerant mother, of fat Mrs. Sinbaum, of Yonkel the dreamer, imprint themselves on the

mind of the reader to stay a while.

The book has the tone of the first half of Willa Sibert Cather's "Song of the Lark," without that book's dearth of

humor. "The Gang" is profitable reading—one of the most satisfactory new books I have read for a little age.

GEORGE Q. MOORE.

Painted Girls

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

The painted girls are dancing
Like motes within a brain,
The warning hand of the darkness
Is the black window-pane.

The floor of silver glimmers,
The orange bubbles gleam,
And shadows move in mirrors
Frail as the glass of dream.

A universe is turning
Its huge, slow wheels of sleep,
And fog like shadow harmony
Is rolling through the deep.

The huge, slow wheels are striking
The starlight glittering by,
The golden frost is burning
In the blue snow of the sky.

The painted girls are dancing
The lights are bright like pain,
And the warning hand of the darkness
Is the black window-pane.